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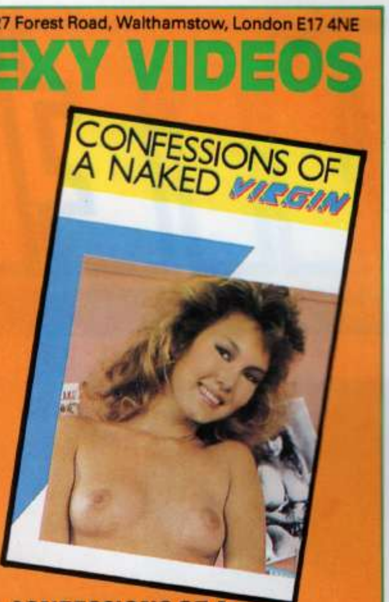

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Publisher **Paul Raymond;** *Editor* **Nevile Player;** *Deputy Editor* **Laura Bemis;** *Assistant Editor* **Debbie Raymond;** *Chief Executive & Legal Adviser* **Carl Snitcher;** *Group Art Director* **Jane Holbrey;** *Production Editor* **Karen Malcherczyk;** *Associate Art Editor* **Mark O'Neill;** *Designers* **Pete Ridley, Rowan Grant, Andy Holland;** *Advertisement Director* **James Macleod;** *Classified Advertisements* **Deirdre Doyle**

Published by Paul Raymond Publications Ltd., 2 Archer St., London W1V 7HE. (Tel: 071-734 9191). Type bureau by Print Origination, Aldershot, colour by Colorscan, High Wycombe, printed Web Offset by HunterPrint Group plc. Fiction: all characters are fictitious and there is no intended reference to persons either living or dead. This periodical is sold subject to the following conditions, namely that it shall not without written consent of the publishers first given, be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of by way of Trade, except at the full retail price of £1.95, and it shall not be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of in a mutilated condition or in any unauthorised cover by way of Trade or affixed to or as part of any publication or advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever or sold to anyone under the age of 18. Editeur responsable pour la Belgique: M.D. Sharrock, 39 Rue Serpentine, 1050 Bruxelles. All contributions, including colour transparencies and photographs, submitted to the magazine are sent at the owner's risk. While every care is taken, neither Paul Raymond Publications Ltd., nor its agents accept liability for loss or damage. Second Class Postage paid at New York Post Office. N.Y. Distributed by Comag, West Drayton, Middlesex. Published – Spring 1991.

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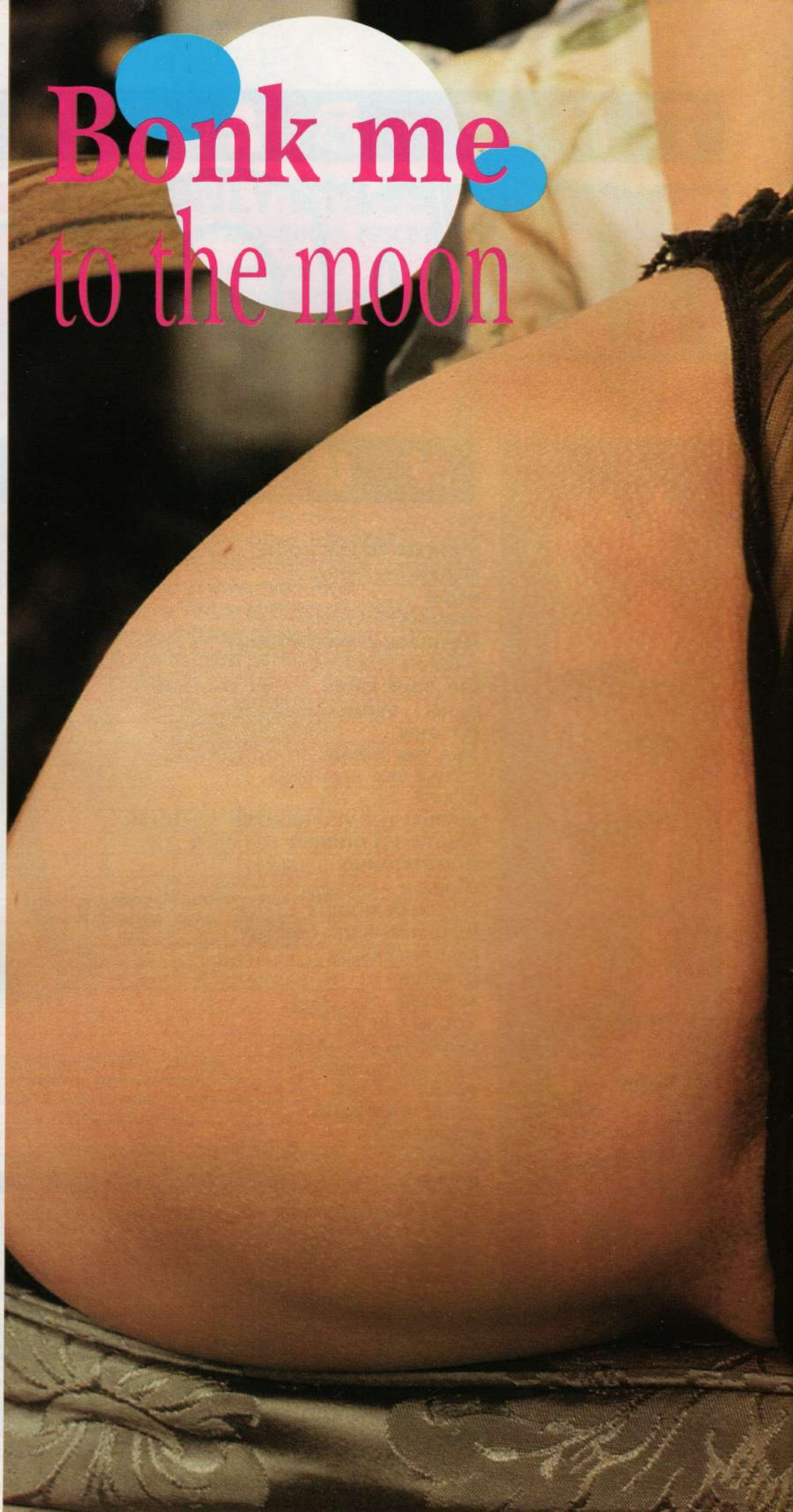
Bonk me to the moon



Hi-di-hi! Ho-di-ho! Good morning, campers! And how are we this morning? We hope you are RANDY — ready for the Flying Bonk Competition which will be arriving in your breakfast any time now! Fiction by Howard Lake.

To say that Mr. O'Sullivan had a face like a dog's bum would be cruel to dogs. The guy was King Ugly and let's just leave it at that. He was, however, a man of some importance to my life at that point, in that he was scrutinising my job application form for the post of 'entertainer' at O'Sullivan's Holiday Heaven, a job that I needed somewhat urgently on account of a rather bad day at Ascot the month before, which had done to my finances what the Luftwaffe did to Coventry Cathedral.

"Is this true, Mr. Bennett?" he asked, a voice like a catch of wet kippers hitting the quayside. "Did you *really* work on *Hamlet* at the RSC?"

I told him yes, naturally. What I didn't tell him was that I was the fella who sold crisps in the foyer. If the truth were told, I hadn't had an acting job in 18 months. In fact, my acting CV was so limited that Equity was beginning to question whether it was worth me renewing my membership. So Mr. O'Sullivan held my career in his hands.

He looked up. He farted. "OK," he said, "you're hired."

O'Sullivan's Holiday Heaven was a collection of chalets and red brick buildings situated on a patch of unwanted scrubland on the most desolate part of the East Coast. From a distance it looked like a refugee camp; from close up it didn't look much better.

As I've said, my job was that of 'entertainer', which basically meant that I was contracted for three months to keep up the jollity and high spirits for the droves of holidaymakers visiting Holiday Heaven in search of that perfect summer break. This meant anything from dressing up as 'Henry the Hippo' for kids' pool afternoon, to clambering into a monkey suit and frilly dress shirt in order to perform as the 'Tom Jones of Skegness' in the nightly cabaret.

But the job did have its compensations and those

compensations were generally female.

It was as if O'Sullivan's Holiday Heaven brought out the nympho in a woman, especially if she was around the 40 mark. It might have been something in the water, but female hormones seemed to go berserk the moment a woman passed through the gates. Sean, one of my co-'entertainers' and resident meths-drinker, had put me wise from the start as to how to spot it when you were being seriously letched after. Then it was up to you to arrange an assignation behind the donkey rides at midnight. There, the Lincolnshire moonlight playing over your bare bum, you'd quickly consummate a brief encounter, the likes of which the movie never went into. This was the life, I decided; free board and breakfast and as much pussy as Mrs. Wiggins' Feline Retreat.

Of course, there were drawbacks, mostly in the shape of sundry husbands built like brick shithouses with scaffolding pipes for arms, who were concerned at how long their spouses were spending at the late-night coffee shop. I'd had a few close shaves, but so far I'd survived with operative limbs, the nearest encounter with premature demise being the time that I was 'entertaining' a 38-year-old trucker's wife from Halifax in the showers one afternoon when I heard her other half call out: "Just how dirty are you, Ethel?" Her reply was: "Very," which was in no way a lie.

The beginning of my end came one afternoon as Sean and I were basking by the pool working on our tans. We'd been eyeing up the new intake of merry revellers and assessing our chances, when suddenly Sean hissed: "Christ, Jerry, take a look at *her!*"

I lowered my tattered copy of *Lust-Girls In Leather* and peered in the direction of Sean's outstretched index finger. "Mmmm," fell from my lips like custard on apple pie.

She was standing on the opposite side of the pool; tall, statuesque, like one of Russ Meyer's Ultravixens who broke free from beneath the valley. Her long, fair tresses cascaded over her shoulders, framing a face that was at the same instant both beguiling and foxy. Her waist was slender, blossoming into a pair of legs that seemed to go on for ever. Her thighs were an aesthete's dream — creamy, curvy — and her bum was Peach City. Her breasts were large, firm, high on her ribcage, snuggled just about into an ill-fitting red bikini. She was a goddess. She was a vision. She gave me the horn.

"How old do you think she is?" I asked Sean.

"Mid-30s?" he suggested. "Something like that. A real thoroughbred."

Holiday Heaven being a small place, it wasn't all that hard to unearth some details concerning this delight. She was staying in chalet 74, her name was Brenda and (sob!) she was married.

"That's never stopped you before," said Sean, when I told him the bad news. "You'll just have to try and beat the security system, and make it an inside job, won't you?"

That evening saw Jerry Bennett performing in the Octopus Bar along with Sean's Swingtime Serenaders. The audience was becoming restless, so there was nothing for it but to go into my show-stopping rendition of *My Ding-a-Ling*, along with appropriate hand gestures. And so it came to pass that, as I went into a complicated and physically demanding exercise involving the dropping of my trousers and the placing of a strategic cucumber down my boxer shorts, I looked up to see, sitting but a few tables from the stage, Brenda. She was in the company of a massive creature who resembled an unsuccessful attempt to mate Freddy Krueger with the Yeti, but I wasn't looking at him. Oh no, I was staring at Brenda, all shimmering and unbearably sexy in a tight black dress, that hugged her curves like they loved 'em, and was cut so perilously low that a spectacular vista of cleavage was visible; deep, welcoming, a Grand Canyon for mammary-maniacs.

Brenda was staring straight at me, a half-smile playing upon her lush lips, as I delved into my crackers in search of my errant cucumber. I couldn't take my eyes off her and so was not prepared for the sudden gasp of surprise that filled the room. All I saw were Brenda's eyes widen; all I heard was silence as Sean's Swingtime Serenaders halted in mid-tune. Something was amiss. I looked down, and there, poking out of my fly like a huge propelling pencil lead, was something long, something pink, something hard, something that was in no way, shape or form, a cucumber.

It suddenly seemed as though mass hysteria had taken a grip — that and the Watney's Red Barrel. Chairs were overturned, glasses hit the floor, someone threw a plate of blancmange at Sean, which he fended off with his bass, and I was left standing amid all this chaos, frantically stuffing my hard-on back into my shorts and pulling up my trousers. As I did so, I caught Brenda's eye. She was staring at a certain part of me rather intently. Our eyes met, she smiled sexily and, knowing that she had my full attention, crossed her legs high so that, briefly, her hem rode up affording me a spectacular view of a stocking-clad leg and that creamy portion of thigh where the black nylon ended.

I smiled back, then zipped up my trousers, screamed, clutched my dong and hobbled off the stage in agony.

Later on that evening Sean took a long pull at his bottle of 92-proof Mezcal. "Fired!" he spluttered. "What happened?"

I told him. Apparently, O'Sullivan had been present at the Octopus Bar that night and had been unfortunate enough to witness my 'act'. I'd just spent a rather vivid 30 minutes in his office while he ranted and raved about the unseemly fracas and the damage that I'd done to the reputation of Holiday Heaven. The upshot of all this was that I'd been given a week's notice to quit. Friday night was my last night.

Sean raised his bottle. "Farewell, Pussy Heaven, Jerry," he lamented sadly.

But I still had a few days to run and that meant I was going to do my darnedest to get to grips with the luscious Brenda before it was time to pack my bags.

Alas, this proved to be difficult. For a start, Brenda seemed to be constantly chaperoned by her half-man/half-creature from the black lagoon, which made it all the more difficult for me even to get near her.

Suddenly it was Friday night. As was the custom on Fridays, the entertainment corps ran a fancy dress competition in the Octopus Bar. That was fine, or would have been had it not behoved upon the entertainment corps to participate in the thing itself. As my last duty at Holiday Heaven began, I found myself onstage dressed as Erik the Viking, in full battledress and horny helmet, feeling a proper plonker. Sean, beside me, was feeling worse, as the only thing that the hire shop could find in his size was a replica trout outfit.

"What a frigging way to finish!" he snorted. "Just look at 'em — what a sight!"

"But can you see Brenda?" I asked Sean.

He peered through his mask. "Jesus H. Christ! Over there. By the door!"

I followed his extended dorsal fin and saw a sight that almost had me feeling like I'd already made Valhalla.

It was Brenda, all right; Brenda undulating through the door dressed in the tiniest of nurse's uniforms, a crisp little sky-blue number with a hemline that stopped just below the crotch, affording one a view of legs sheathed in black stockings and neat garters; an outfit that hugged her body *tight*, emphasising every curve, the top two buttons undone so that the glorious swell of her boobs bulged forth as if ready to conquer and divide. All topped off by a little white cap.

My balls *ached* just looking at her, and it was all I could do to restrain myself from leaping, Viking-style, from the stage and carrying her off over my shoulder. A wonderful thought but one that would have to wait as, right then, it was time to get the proceedings underway.

"Ladiessss and gentlemen!" I announced through the mike. "O'Sullivan's Holiday Heaven is pleased to welcome you to the Grand Fancy Dress Ball. Eat, drink, be merry, and I will pass among you and judge your costumes. Winners to be announced at 10."

Sean's Swingtime Serenaders lurched into a shattered version of *The Girl From Ipanema*. A few hardy couples shuffled on to the dance-floor as I climbed off the stage and began my rounds.

I strolled through the drunken masses, hoping for a glimpse of Brenda, but she'd vanished. So I decided to step

continued on page 12

The outfit hugged her body so tight that her boobs bulged forth as if ready to conquer and divide . . .

MEGAN

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ROY BREWINGTON

What do you call a girl who makes a living touching up Old Masters? Yeah, all right, we've thought of that, but decided 'a picture restorer' would be safer. Being as Megan has a Welsh name and an Irish temper, she describes herself as 'a farmer' – which means driving around extensive acres in a Range Rover telling people what to do, as far as we can gather. And trying out the haystacks. Heaven help the worker who builds a stack which is full of burrs, scratchy and cannot stand up to a brisk rolling around with the latest in a long line of besotted artists hoping she'll use her skills on them. No good, though. Megan only touches up Old Masters. Which all goes to show that we've got the pictures, love the girl, but can't find out anything about her, 36(tip-tilted)-23-37 probably.

continued from page 6

outside for a swift smoke. The corridor was deserted as I lit a fag and leaned heavily against the wall. My mind was in turmoil, so much that I never heard her approach until...

"You're looking sorry for yourself. Something wrong?"

I looked up and saw Brenda standing in front of me, a smile spread across her face. Close up, she seemed even sexier, that body shimmering in the tight blue uniform. I blinked and said: *"Aaaarghhh!"*

"What's up with you?" Brenda's voice was pure Home Counties satin. "You look as miserable as Woody Allen with a tax demand."

"I've been fired," I told her. "This is my last night."

Brenda raised an eyebrow quizzically. "Because of the other night?"

"Yeah, the boss doesn't go a bundle on wang-waving."

She smiled. "What a bastard — that made my week, that did."

Now that was encouraging. "It did?" I asked.

Brenda nodded. "Been a while since I saw one like that," she said.

Encouraging! I decided to go further. "We aim to please our patrons," I said, casually.

Brenda gazed into my face, moistened her lips with her tongue. "I bet you do," she said.

All the while, she'd been inching closer to me and that body was almost up against me. The proximity was beginning to have a predictable effect upon my anatomy. A sudden thought crossed my mind.

"Where's your husband?" I asked.

Brenda giggled. "Quentin?" she laughed. "He's back at the chalet with some little brunette called Janet."

"Who's Janet?" I asked, my mouth dry.

Brenda shrugged. "Oh, just some tart he picked up."

"Don't you mind?"

She shook her head. "Why should I? After all, he doesn't mind me doing *this!"*

Her hand snaked out and grasped me by the codpiece. My chain mail rattled, my sword wobbled in its scabbard, my dick stiffened faster than Sean with a bottle of Jose Cuervo.

"Jesus!" I whispered. "Does this mean...?"

Brenda leaned forward and pressed her titanic tits into my chest. "Damn right, it does," she breathed. "Ever since I saw your ding-a-ling I've been as horny as hell."

Her hand was delving swiftly inside my willie-warmer. Cool fingers drifted up and down the length of my rigid dick.

I thought fast. "We can't do it here," I hissed. "Let's find somewhere more private." I saw the door that lead through to backstage. "In there," I whispered. "There's no one around."

We hastened into the dark-lit backstage. The strains of the Swingtime Serenaders drifted through the curtains as I swept Brenda into my arms and sought out her tongue with mine. We kissed long, deep, passionately, hands roving all over; her fingers fluttering up and down the insides of my thighs, clutching my balls lightly; my hands straying up the front of her nurse's outfit, popping the buttons and slipping inside to feel the warmth of her bulging breasts.

I quickly tugged open the rest of the outfit, so that I had that hot beautiful body in my hands. For Brenda's part, she was deftly unhooking my codpiece and disentangling it from my hugely-swollen dong. Quite a task, but she managed it and then she had my dick at her mercy, gliding her fingers along the length of it.

Ripping apart my tabard, Brenda planted a succession of superheated kisses upon my chest, working her way down my torso until, at last, I felt the beautiful warm velvet suction of her lips and tongue as she closed her mouth around the tip of my stretched-to-bursting cock. She drew it hungrily deeper and deeper between her lips, nipping me with her teeth until I could bear it no longer and pulled her to her feet.

"Now," I whispered urgently over the strains of *Strangers In The Night.* "I can't wait any longer."

"Me neither!" Brenda hissed back. "I'm ready."

We shuffled around one another like the bottom-placed couple in a ballroom dancing contest, Brenda gripping my boner in her fingers and guiding it between her thighs. The tip of my dick touched the soft, yielding smoothness of her slippery lips and she rubbed it along the wet furrow, teasing her clit with the purple bulb, driving me wild with frustration, so much that I grabbed her bum in my hands, hoisted her off the floor and, with a single thrust, drove my dong between her lips and slid my length inside that beautiful box.

Brenda gasped and wrapped her arms around my shoulders, her thighs around my back, holding on for dear life as I moved against her in a subtley smooth rhythm, all the better enhanced by the pulsating rhythms of *Tequila* pounded out by the Swingtime Serenaders from the other side of the curtain.

She drew it hungrily deeper and deeper between her lips, nipping me with her teeth until I could bear it no longer . . .

"Oh, Christ!" Brenda moaned, her head thrashing from side to side, her tits bouncing and shuddering in response to each successive thrust of my loins. "This is fan—tastic!"

She was right. I could already feel the heat building up in my balls and moved faster, urging Brenda towards a climax before I beat her to it. By now, the two of us were both sweating and our gasps and grunts of passion were increasing in volume, so I was relieved that Sean and the boys were kicking up a storm on the other guide of the curtain.

"I don't...think...I can hold on much...!" Brenda cried, gripping me tighter than ever as I clutched her arse for dear life, my bum moving faster than a triple hammer as my dong flew ever faster in and out of her dripping snatch.

"Neither...can...I!" I groaned back.

"Then...don't...hold back!" moaned Brenda. "Because I'm not!"

Jesus! Then the world turned day-glo as our simultaneous climaxes exploded there, backstage, Brenda losing all control, her body falling back so hard that I lost my grip and she fell from my hands and something *unfortunate* occurred.

You see, in our hasty passion, I'd omitted to check on which direction we were facing and, as luck would have it, we were facing stagewards, so that as Brenda fell backwards from my grasp, so I fell forwards, so...so we both crashed through the curtain that divided the backstage from the stage proper.

The pulsating rhythms of *Tequila* were somewhat undermined by the fact that, without warning, Brenda (half naked) suddenly tumbled through the curtain, closely followed by myself, taking out half the drumkit in the process. Brenda was shrieking in ecstasy as she floundered across the stage, her tits wobbling, and crashed heavily into Sean the fish, who dropped his bass in consternation and fell head-first into Larry the guitarist, sending him face-first into a table full of retired clergy from Crewe.

If Brenda's entrance was spectacular, then mine was an epic. Through the drapes I fell, naked from the waist down, my hard-on leading the way, my cum jetting helplessly from the tip, giving Doug the drummer an unpleasant cleaning bill and spattering the stage as I fell hopelessly atop Brenda's writhing body, lost in a tangle of limbs and chain mail.

But you should have heard the applause. The Octopus Bar went wild; people cheering, stamping their feet in appreciation, the retired clergy from Crewe going crazy-apeshit-bonkers at this unexpected diversion. Once more, chaos reigned and, once more, my dick was the cause of it all.

I lay there amid the pandemonium, stunned, breathing hard, bewildered. As I opened my eyes, I saw Sean staring down at me. He took a hit from a bottle of turpentine hidden in his tail-fin.

"Well," he said. "That's entertainment!"

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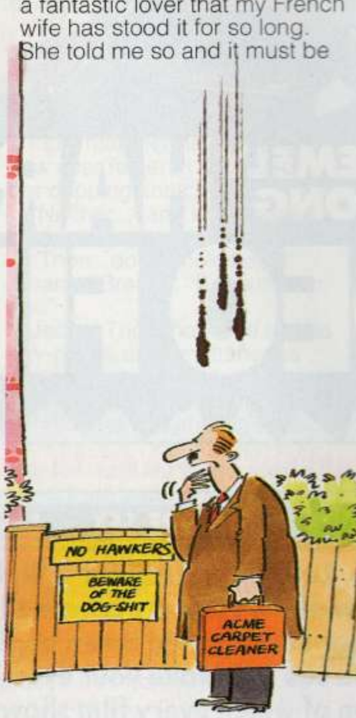
BLAH! BLAH! BLAH! BLAH! BLAH! BLAH! BLAH! BLAH! BLAH!

As no one ever believes anything they read in the letters' column, why not let your hair down and tell us the truth?

Wind Concerto

Sir: I have dreadful trouble with flatulence, which is especially troublesome when I am making love.

To be honest, the exercise involved, combined with the pressure on my abdomen, makes for one long fart from entry to climax.



It is only because I am such a fantastic lover that my French wife has stood it for so long. She told me so and it must be true – no woman would put up with lovemaking with all the windows open in mid-winter if she did not get great pleasure from it.

Some nights she gets icicles on her pubic hair!

Recently, though, she has come up with a cure, for the unromantic sounds at least. One night last autumn, I was in mid-thrust when something cold and greasy slid up my behind! I was afraid at first it was a snake (because of an unfortunate incident with one in Dakkar), but then a piping sound filled the room and I realised it was a whistle!

Now, having learned to control my anus quite well, and with my wife stopping the holes we can play *Savez Vous Planter Les Choux* with quite a nice tone and intonation – although it always ends in a discordant screech when we come.

H.L.,
Bristol.

You may know how to plant cabbages, but you should learn not to eat them – Ed.

My Top Ten

Sir: During the last 12 months I have become an avid reader of *Men Only*, and adore reading the *Yours Sinfully* letters and *My Confession* experiences. However, it is your fantastic models which really send my cock wild. It was therefore something of a let-down to find, in your *Best of Men Only*, certain absentees, namely Stephanie (Vol. 53, No. 12), Anne-Louise (Vol. 54, No. 6) and Nadia (Vol. 54, No. 5). All three girls, I am sure, would love to have my 9¼-inch dick sliding between their pussies doggy-fashion and this is one reader who would love to see them repeated in future issues.

Perhaps next year you will consider having a readers' poll, inviting nominations for your 1990 Best. My 10 this year would have been Stephanie, Anne-Louise & Nadia, followed closely by Alison (Vol. 54, No. 3), Lucy (Vol. 54, No. 4), Jojo (Vol. 54, No. 9), Hattie (Vol. 54, No. 9), Melissa (Vol. 54, No. 3), Joanne (Vol. 54, No. 8) & Allie (Vol. 53, No. 13).

Please keep up the high standard for 1990 and let us continue to fantasise with more well-stacked fabulous girls.

J.T.,
Carlisle.

Your Perfect Lover

Sir: It is foolish for any man to marry a woman, however beautiful, unless she is the perfect physical lover.

Sex in marriage can become boring and this leads both partners to try other lovers which ends in divorce or disease. You cannot risk it any more, so you need a sexual partner for life. And the time to find out is during pre-marital sex with your bride-to-be. Here's how.

Dress in a pink wet-suit with purple suspenders and cerise stockings over the top. Now take a crimson balloon, of the sausage-shaped variety, and insert it into her vagina with the end of a broom handle, leaving the open end outwards. Now remove your gas mask and blow the balloon up until it is as full as possible.

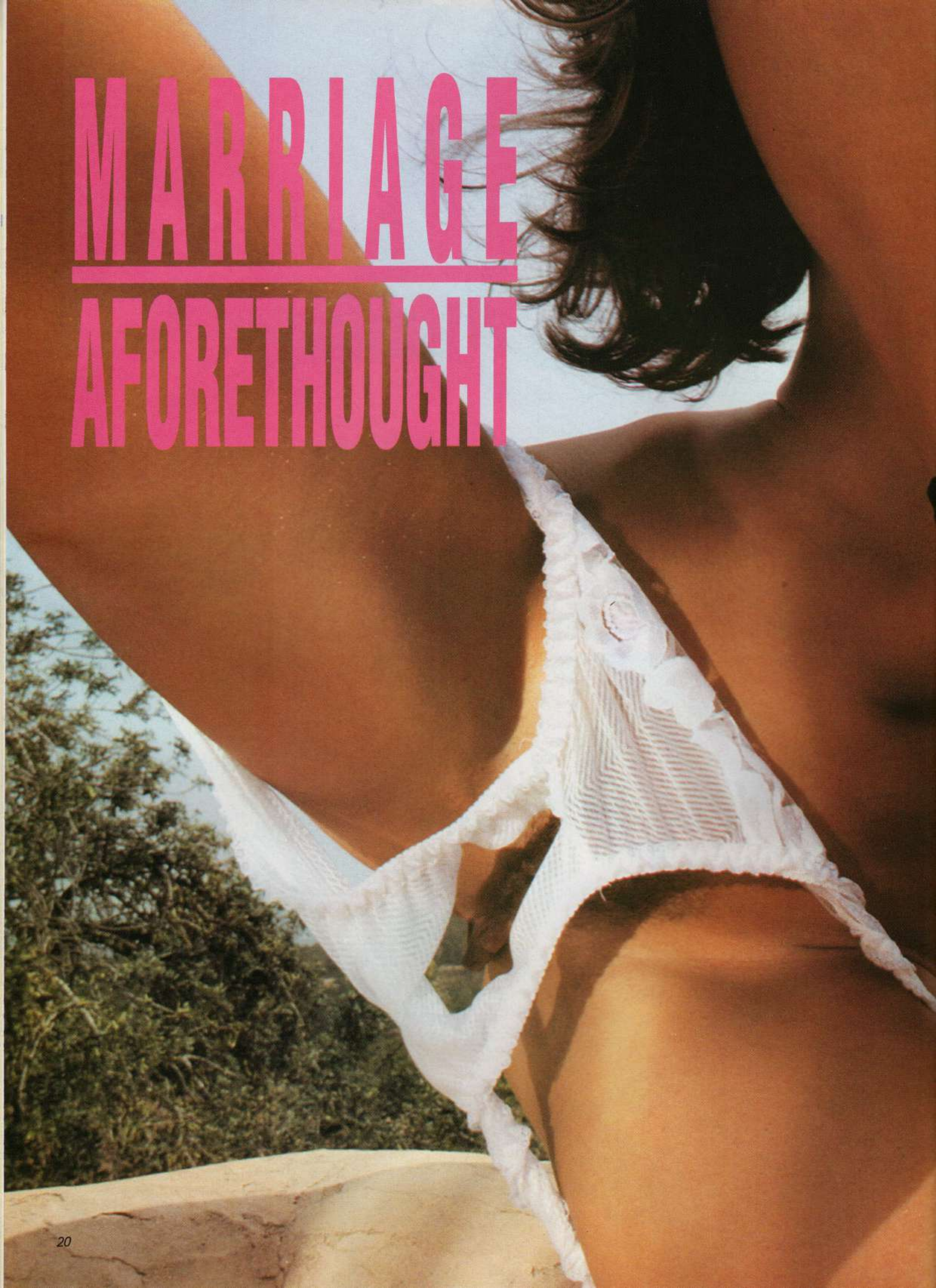
continued on page 35

CLAUDIA

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JACK HARRISON

Claudia doesn't like men – she likes MEN. As far as we can gather, this means that if she fancies you, you are a MAN in capitals, and, if not, you're strictly lower case and out of the frame (35-22-36). So what makes a MAN (as opposed to a mere man)? I'm afraid it's all down to being caring, sharing and non-smoking with a mania for shared parenting in an on-going non-sexist environment. If you're all that, she doesn't fancy you at all. Sorry.

MARRIAGE AFORETHOUGHT



Mandy didn't like her future brother-in-law that much, but she was determined she could have whatever big sister got, whenever she liked.

Fiction by Steve Wilson.

On the night before Mr. Eric Brakebotham was due to turn Miss Cynthia Moss into Mrs. Eric Brakebotham, he spent the small hours of the morning screwing the socks off Miss Moss in the cab of one of his father's trucks.

Now this might upset anyone who believes that bridegroom and bride should not meet, let alone bonk, the night before the nuptials. But it was actually all right, because the Miss Moss Eric was porking was Mandy, Cynthia's younger sister.

Mandy was a horny little bitch of 18. She didn't even like Eric that much, but she considered her older sister Cynthia was stuck up. Mandy was determined to show that she could have whatever big sister got, whenever she liked. It hadn't been hard to turn up at the pub where Eric was having his stag night, getting shit-faced on Hofmeister and Southern Comfort. Or to persuade him to give his best man Tom the slip and take her into the yard where the lorries were.

At first Mandy had got quite turned on by the low-life aspect of fucking in the truck, crushed into the smelly seats under beerladen Eric, with her skirt hoicked up and her knickers round her ankles, the gear stick in her ribs and Eric's cock stuffed halfway up her twat. But stocky Eric, full of booze, grunted and heaved away for ages without getting near coming, and Mandy was getting bored in both senses when suddenly somebody banged on the door of the cab.

"Come on, Eric, I know you're in there, the whole truck's moving," called Tom the best man. "You have to get home and sleep."

"Just a minute, mate," groaned Eric, "I'm . . . just . . . coming . . ." And miraculously it was the truth, because when she'd heard the voice, Mandy, eager to tie up the episode, did a couple of things with her hands while he was still inside her that Eric couldn't believe, and before he knew it his spunk was pumping out like a gusher of crude.

Tom, taller than his mate, helped half-cut Eric down from the cab and scowled up at Mandy, who sat up grinning like the cat that got the cream. Tom didn't mind what Eric got up to, though he was determined to get him to the church on time. Then Tom was off anyway, to a new job in America. But he didn't like it that the groom and his sister-in-law-to-be were shitting on the bride like this. Because Tom did like the bride, Cynthia Moss. He liked her a lot.

The next day, from dawn until the reception, things ran with military precision, which was largely due to the bride's mother, Mrs. Rebecca Moss.

Dr. and Mrs. Moss presented an awesomely posh profile to the world, from their mock-Tudor mansion in Beckenham to the veil on Rebecca Moss's hat, which was the size of a small flying saucer. But Rebecca came from Liverpool, and beneath her gentility there were broken bottles.

She was neutral about her son-in-law, Eric, who worked at a City brokers, like his best man Tom. But she frankly disapproved of Eric's parents, Albert and Edna Brakebotham, with Albert's haulage business in Plumstead and his unfortunate perspiring EastEnders-style matiness ("Give us a kiss then, Rebecca love, we're bloody near family."). His short, blonde, bosomy wife Edna didn't say much but her face powder, the bit of black bra showing between her cream blouse and the way she knocked back Tia Marias, said it all, and it all added up to 'Totty'.

Raven-haired Rebecca Moss, slender and even taller than normal in wickedly spiked high heels, looked down on the Brakebothams in every way. Her husband, however, mild-mannered Dr. Moss, felt even the relief of unloading one wayward but well-loved daughter, Cynthia, chased out by another emotion. As he made polite conversation to the Brakebothams, a surge spread through him, like a whole-body blush, a surge of totally uncharacteristic lust – for Edna Brakebotham. And though the Woolwich wife didn't say much, he fancied distinctly that Edna, shooting glances at his trim morning-suited figure over the rim of her glass, quite liked what she saw.

Albert Brakebotham, though, was relishing the occasion. Because in the Function Room of the hotel on the South Circular where the reception was getting underway (the venue was a working compromise between Beckenham and Plumstead), part of the catering staff happened to be Albert's bit on the side, a deliciously slaggy young brunette waitress called Rita.

Rebecca, seated with the others at the centrepiece of the room – a long, wide oak table running from wall to wall and draped to the floor in a spotless white linen tablecloth – believed the end was in sight. The couple were married – what could go wrong now?

Gavin the video man (*Magic Moments Captured For Ever. A Day To Remember – For Always*), regarding Rebecca coolly from the corner of the room through his viewfinder, fancied her rotten. Also, in his work he loved to see these starchy, beautifully turned-out heads of families reduced to drunken, emotionally emaciated, sobbing disaster areas. It happened surprisingly often. Especially at weddings.

Two rather conspicuous guests in the crowd on the floor were the only black couple, Clifton and Avis. Clifton was the Moss's accountant. As a black professional he wore a conservative dark suit, a tidy moustache, and in general tried to look as much as possible like the newsreader on TV. But his well-stacked wife Avis redressed the balance of exuberance, with a hat like a bathing cap with petals attached, a red patent leather handbag as big as a shopping basket, and a wonderful print frock of giant multi-coloured flowers.

Clifton secretly thought that most of the other guests wouldn't know a proper party if one jumped up and bit them on the bottom. After a couple of glasses of champagne he expressed this opinion quietly to his wife Avis, who roared with laughter and tapped her voluminous handbag, which gave back a clinking sound.

"Touch of Uncle Joe's Joy Juice might move things along a little bit," giggled Avis. She was referring to the 140 per cent proof Caribbean rum which their family sent over from time to time. Avis had brought along a couple of bottles just in case.

"Uh huhn," nodded Clifton, and they edged their way to the big silver punchbowl.

Waiting till the leggy brunette in black stockings and a white apron who was serving there (it was Rita) had been called aside for a whispered conference with Albert Brakebotham, they dumped one whole litre bottle of industrial strength liquor into the bowl. Avis helped herself to a glass of the result, smacked her lips and said: "Aw right. Git down." Next moment she shrieked as she spotted a white couple, Horace and Mavis, old and true friends, down from Birmingham for the wedding.

In a mysterious way, the properties of the punch were quickly realised by the crowd. The bridegroom, Eric, on his way to the loo, sampled some as the eye-opener he still needed badly after the night before. Mandy, in a mauve bridesmaid's dress, had two glasses, then filled up a big one and quietly placed it by the right hand of her sister Cynthia, the bride. Then Mandy murmured something about leaving her bag in the car, and slipped away.

As the girl in charge of the punchbowl, naturally Rita had to find out why the punch suddenly seemed as popular as a bitch on heat in Battersea Dogs Home. She'd put away two or three glasses before she pulled herself together and remembered what Albert wanted her to do. Rita wasn't very bright, but she knew that good things usually happened if she did what Albert liked, and bad things if she didn't.

They were serving the meal to the wedding party at the big table, and it was easy enough for Rita to join in, and then, apparently in search of a rogue potato croquette, go down on her knees and quickly scramble underneath the concealing folds of the long white tablecloth.

Both bolder and more confused because of the punch, Rita crawled forward between the rows of legs on either side of her, looking, as Albert had told her to, for a pair of striped trousers in the middle.

In fact, Albert had decided it would be a great laugh to be gammed by Rita with none of the toffee-nosed sods realising what was happening.

Unfortunately, he'd forgotten that while his were the only pair of striped trousers on the left of the table, opposite him on the right sat Dr. Moss – also in morning suit trousers. Dr. Moss was gazing mesmerised at Edna Brakebotham, who sat opposite him next to her husband. Every time Edna leant forward for her glass, she flashed him tantalising glimpses of her cleavage. And then just as it happened again, the doctor's whole body went rigid.

He had suddenly felt a

Mandy was stark naked and on her knees in the Bentley's wide rear seat, being stuffed from behind by a burly sweating chauffeur . . .

She shrieked in delirious orgasm and simultaneously the man exploded seed deep inside her as he roared and joined her . . .

soft touch at his crotch!

His eyebrows shot up towards his hairline as the touch – firmer, more defined around his rapidly stiffening cock – came again. Edna, the darling, must be reaching under the table with her foot! Stroking him with her delicious toes . . . and what was this? He felt his zipper being eased down and, as he stared at Edna who stared back with a small mysterious smile, had a moment of admiration for her so-educated feet . . . prehensile toes, perhaps?

Under the table Rita had his stiff cock out and went right at it, closing her eyes, turning her head sideways and taking a good length into her generous mouth all at once, licking it with her tongue inside her mouth. Above decks Dr. Moss's eyes nearly popped, so much so that at his elbow his managerial wife Rebecca noticed, and hissed: "Is anything the matter?"

Dr. Moss, awash with warm, wet, inexplicable sensations, warbled: "Oo-oh yes, yes . . . I'm *quite* all right," never taking his eyes off Edna, who – as out-of-sight Rita's head bobbed up and down faster – looked into the doctor's rigid face, leaned forward with apparent innocence to chase away a bread-crumb and deftly undid another button of her blouse.

Dr. Moss, totally confused at the sight of one of Edna's nipples peeping over the top of her black bra, felt his balls start tautening as he began to come.

At the same time, below the cloth, a sudden thought burst like a firework in Rita's brain. "But Albert's not circumcised!" Her head pulled back from the doctor's twitching prick and her full lips disengaged from his flesh with an audible plop. But it was too late, as gouts of come erupted from the jerking cock all over the waitress's face and neck, and the doctor sat rigid and red-faced, not daring to breathe until the invisible spasms had subsided.

A minute later, as Rita, her face and black top still shiny and stained with come, crawled crossly out from under the end of the table, no one seemed to have noticed. But Gavin the video man had, and so had his camera.

Further up the table, the lovely bride, fair-haired Cynthia, looked a picture in white satin, somewhere between Grace Kelly and Shoola Archer. But all was not well.

Her new husband, Eric, had come back drunk again, and horny with it. He had loudly whispered a highly obscene suggestion, which was not only embarrassing because of the guests; but because she and Eric, against all kinds of odds, had never actually been to bed together.

And when she tried to laugh it off, Eric had slurred: "Well, if you won't, your sister will," and lurched off again, knocking over a chair.

To cover the moment Cynthia took a long drink from the glass of punch at her hand, and then turned to find the tall figure of Tom, the best man, at her elbow looking sympathetic. She noticed, not for the first time but now rather intensely, his lovely long lashes and brown eyes as they met her own.

"Don't worry," said Tom, "it's just all this," gesturing round at the noisy babble as the wedding party got underway.

"No," said the new Mrs. Brakebotham, "I can't help thinking: do I want to spend the rest of my life carrying a man's name which makes you think of a fart?"

After a moment's silence the pair began to laugh hysterically. Then Cynthia said: "And what did he mean about my sister? Have he and Mandy . . .?" She saw a shadow cross loyal Tom's eyes, and suddenly knew it was true.

"Bitch! Bastard!"

"We really can't discuss it here," said Tom placatingly, taking her hand and rising. "Come on . . ."

Meanwhile, Clifton and Horace and Mavis and Avis had retired to Horace's room at the hotel to do some serious partying with the second litre of rum. Sprawled comfortably on the twin beds, saucy Mavis slowly reached out her hand and touched the bulge at the front of Clifton's trousers.

"Now we getting somewhere!" sang Avis, grabbing for Horace. Within a minute the men's trousers were down. Mavis lay sprawled back on one bed, her polka-dot dress up around her waist, fondling Clifton's big black prick as he straddled her. On the other bed Avis knelt on all-fours, her breasts swaying free and her loud skirt tossed up above her glossy brown bottom, reaching back between her legs to squeeze Horace's thick cock and balls.

"At the count of three then," said Horace breathlessly. "One, two – wait for it, that man – NOW!" And the two men's pricks thrust simultaneously into each other's wives as the women gasped and moaned.

Soon they were humping strongly, doubly excited by the sight of each other fucking. "What are you doing to my wife, sir?" asked Horace shakily as Clifton's slick ebony rod reamed up into Mavis's red pubic hair while her pale legs wrapped around his black thighs.

"What your *wife* doing to my wife?" grunted Clifton; for Mavis, wildly sexed-up, had reached over to the other bed and began to fondle Avis's swaying brown breasts, and then stretched to fiercely tongue-kiss Avis's mouth, which was smiling broadly as Horace banged into her rhythmically from the rear.

At that moment the door popped open, and there stood Gavin the video man. He'd followed his nose that the pissed quartet would get up to something interesting. The camera dangled casually from one hand as he stood there, saying: "Sorry, wrong room, I thought this was the cloakroom," and so on, the others too deep into what they were doing to stop, and not noticing the camera's red light glowing *ON*.

Things had begun to fall apart for Rebecca Moss, who had been sitting alone at the big table for some time while the increasingly raucous party swirled around her. There was a schedule to keep: speeches, and then the bride and groom's departure. But the bride, the groom and the best man had already departed, as had Rebecca's husband and both her new in-laws. Rebecca was furious. Regally, she rose.

Meanwhile, in the dark cloakroom, Cynthia the bride looked at Tom, took a deep trembling breath and, lifting the hem of her wedding dress, said: "Something old." The beautiful pair of antique satin slippers set off her pretty feet and ankles to perfection. Tom held his breath. "Something new," she went on, lifting the dress further and running her hand up and down the sheer silk stockings. There was a long beat in the dark room, and then in a trembling voice Cynthia murmured as she lifted her skirt all the way: "Something borrowed," revealing slit-crotch panties of sheer white silk from which her blonde pubic hair frothed richly forth. "From my dear sister. She insisted. And something blue," she concluded, touching the midnight blue suspender belt.

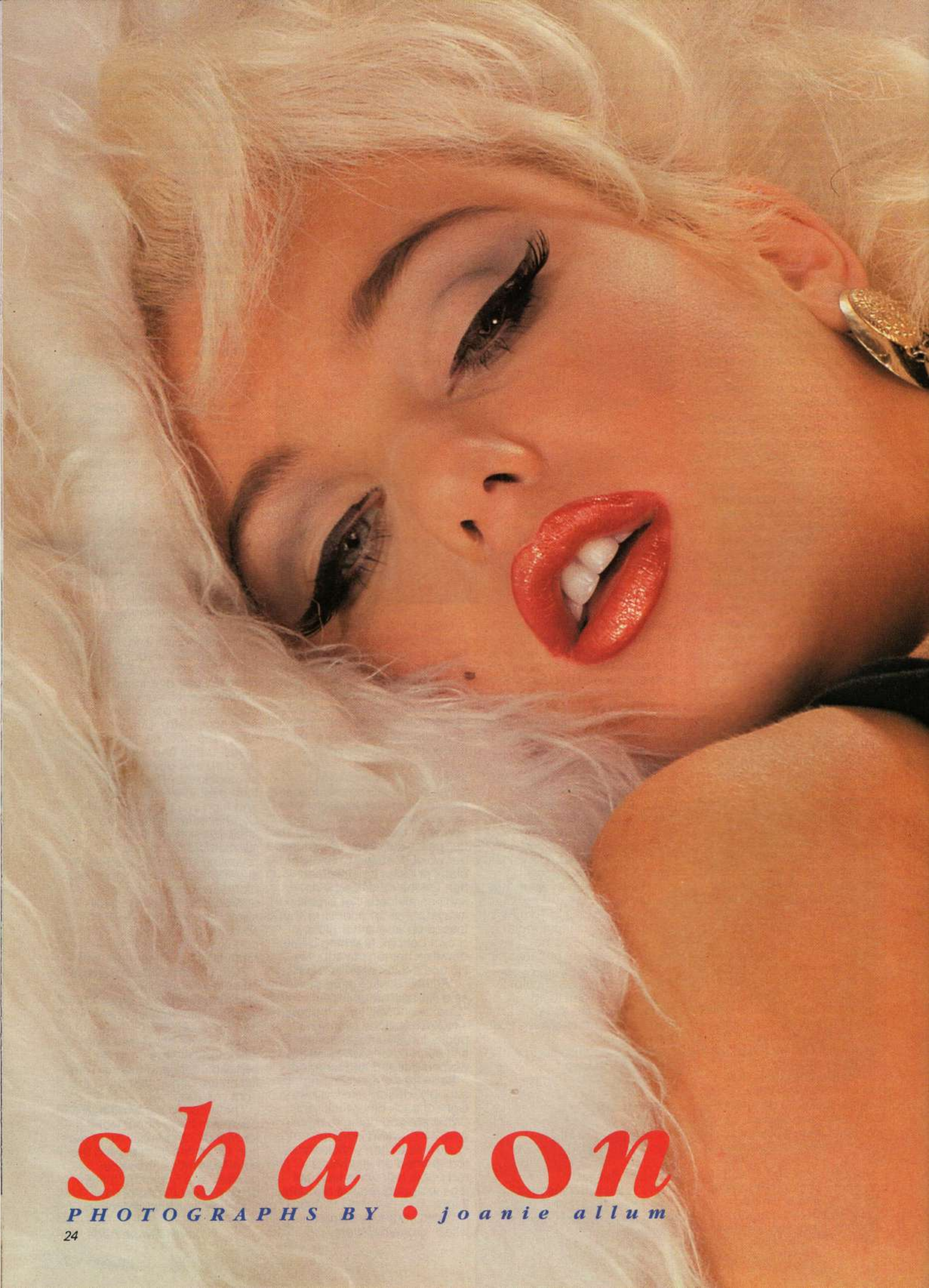
"Oh, Cynthia," the best man muttered in a choked voice, stepping forward to press his bursting lust against what she had revealed.

"Oh, Tom," cried the bride, falling backwards on to the heaped coats and furs as Tom fell on top of her, tearing at the front of his trousers.

The groom meanwhile had been stumbling about looking for Mandy, and finally he found her. Out in the yard behind the hotel the limousines were parked, and Eric caught sight of movement in one of them.

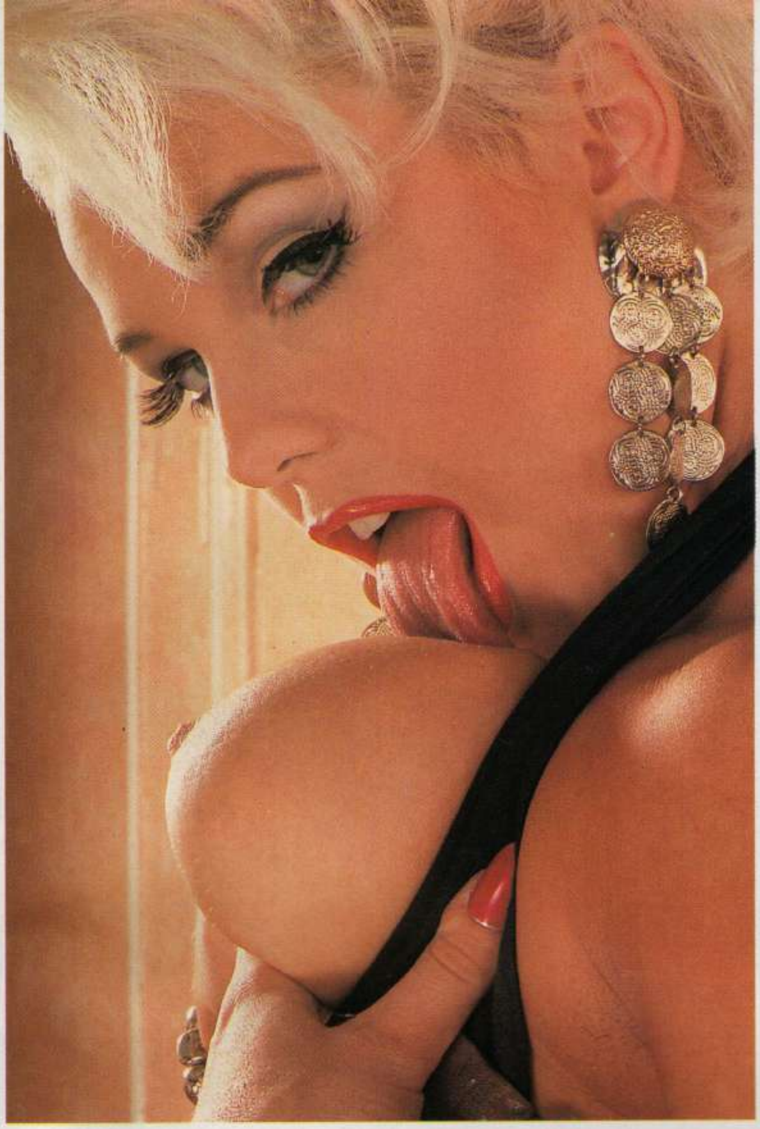
Mandy was kneeling on the

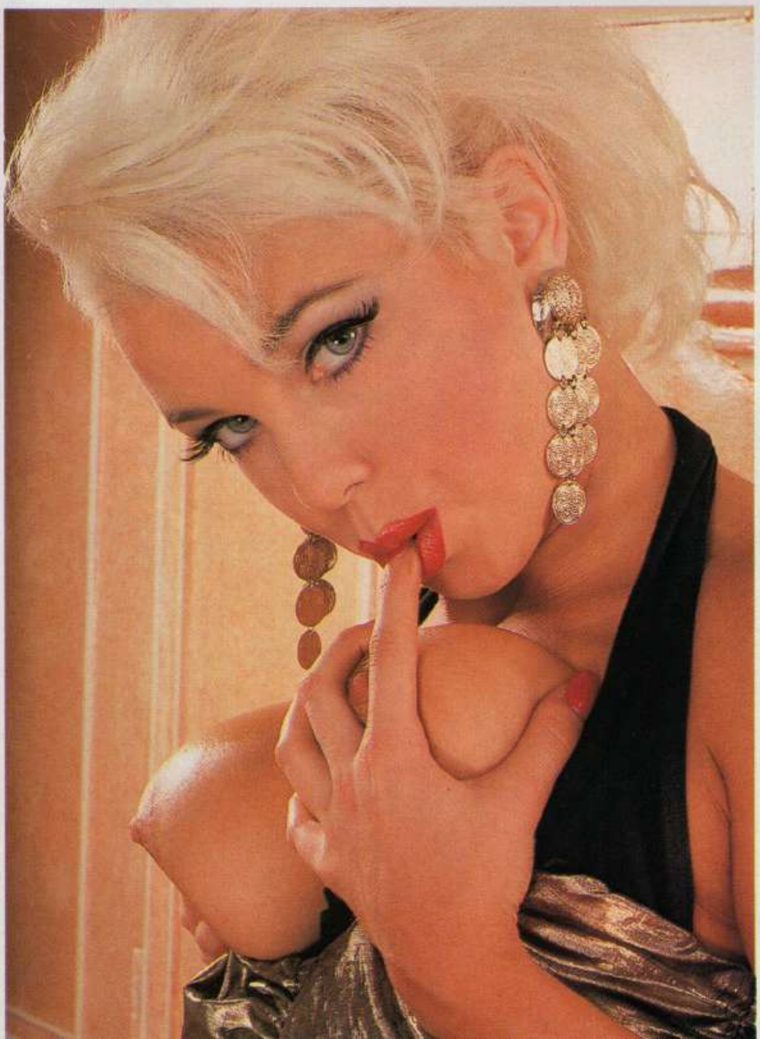
continued on page 34

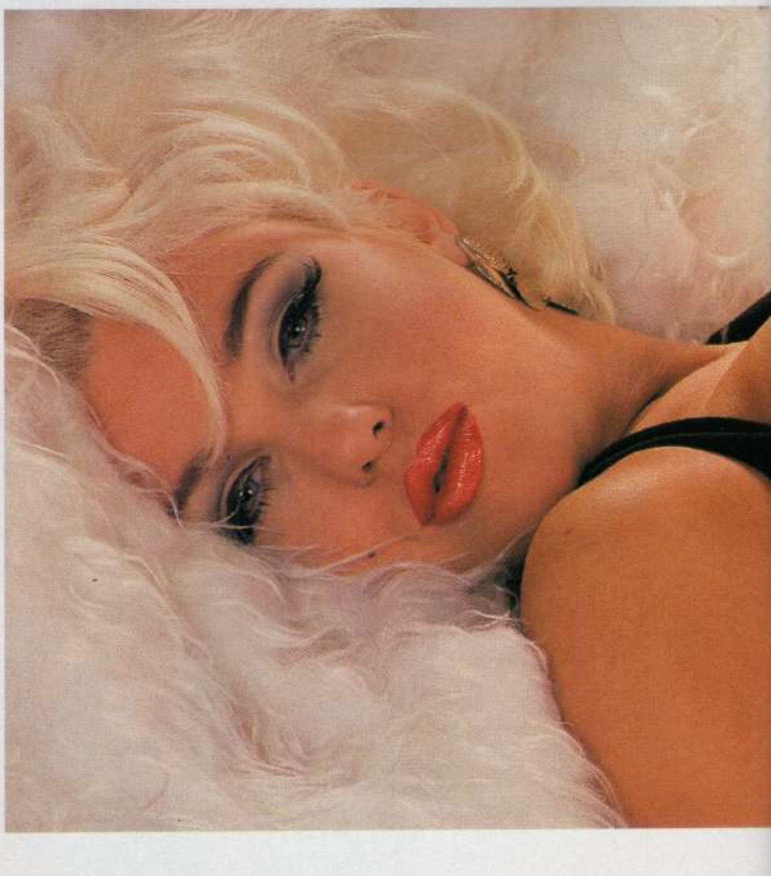


sharon

PHOTOGRAPHS BY • joanie allum







We men have it hard – usually when nobody wants it. And the chances are that when somebody is rolling around begging for it, the bloody thing has had too much to drink and is sleeping it off in the gusset.

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College girl games- join in the fun if you like *.it* in groups! **0836 402 249**

CALLS CHARGED AT 33p PER MIN.CHEAP RATE, 44p ALL OTHER TIMES. DM/900/2/B

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Bentley's wide rear seat. Stark naked except for a grey chauffeur's cap perched at a jaunty angle on her blonde curls, the 18-year-old was on her knees being stuffed from behind by a burly sweating chauffeur, while in front of her knelt the young curly-haired one she'd fancied, guiding her head as it sucked his cock. Even randy Mandy seemed a bit overwhelmed, though she had gamely reached one arm through the front seats and was fitfully wanking the cock of a third chauffeur who crouched there watching. Eric the bridegroom subsided on to the running board to watch, too.

To the bride's mother, her carefully structured wedding was disintegrating into something like the circles of Dante's hell, and the worst of it was that wherever she went in search of the members of the wedding, like a buzzing fly. Gavin the video man now went, too.

"Piss *off!*" she hissed at him, her hat brim and veil trembling with fury. But Gavin just dropped back a pace and kept tagging along.

He was there when she stormed into the empty kitchen and behind a pantry door found Albert Brakebotham, trousers round his ankles, clutching whimpering Rita the waitress by the arse and banging his cock between her spread legs up against the wall.

"Mr. Brakebotham," Rebecca demanded icily, "where are the others?" But all he replied was: "Who cares?"

Gavin got a good bit of footage there before trotting off after Rebecca, who in a dark phone booth next discovered her own husband, Dr. Moss, half-crouched with his back towards her. His nose and tongue were slurping joyously in the soft recesses of Edna Brakebotham's exposed cunt, as she sat with her skirts up and her knickers down on the booth's shelf, and clutched the doctor's head to her.

"Where . . . is . . . our . . . daughter?" ground out Rebecca, but when Dr. Moss could only manage moist, guilty noises in reply, she snapped: "Oh, never mind!" and stormed on. Dr. Moss looked up at his adored Edna and said hoarsely: "She didn't even seem to mind!"

"Well then," said Edna, and guided his head back between her legs. After a few moments' filming, Gavin turned away and went after Rebecca again.

The spectacle in the limousine, with Mandy by now being fucked into muffled wavering moans of delight, and Eric pawing at the locked doors mumbling: "My turn! My turn!" didn't even cause Rebecca to break step. Gavin lingered awhile there with the camera. But Mrs. Moss seemed drawn on inexorably to the ultimate scene.

For finally Rebecca ripped open the door of the cloakroom and stopped, stunned by the sight of the thrusting, plunging couple on the bed of furs. At that very moment Cynthia's stockinged legs jerked tightly round Tom's waist and her glorious, golden-haired cunt, impaled by the best man's pumping tool, reared up, clearly visible, from the bed, as she shrieked in delirious orgasm and simultaneously the man's tool exploded seed deep inside her as he roared and joined her.

For long moments the only sound was the whirr of Gavin's camera. Finally Rebecca said falteringly: "Cynthia . . ."

"He took me to the moon, mummy," the girl whispered.

Tom raised his head. "I can't live without her, Mrs. Moss." He scrambled to his feet, covered himself, caught Cynthia's hand and pulled her upright. "I'm taking her to America with me. Now. We'll sort it all out later." And without further ado they ran for Tom's car.

Rebecca reeled, but was brought back to her senses by Gavin's calm tones.

"Well," he said, tapping the camera, "got some good Magic Moments here. Got some prominent guests in a chocolate sandwich upstairs. Got the bride's sister taking it at both ends in the back of a Bentley. Got one pa-in-law banging the help, and the other eating his opposite number. Got the bride . . ."

"Shut up," said Rebecca. "How much d'you want?"

"Oh, I don't want money," drawled Gavin.

Rebecca's quick eyes took in his sideburns, his well set-up frame, and made a snap decision. Walking to the door she locked it and rapped out: "All right, as long as you're quick." She bent over the bed and lifted the back of her skirt. "And if you get any on this dress, I'll tear your eyes out." She was reaching up when Gavin's voice ordered: "Keep the hat on." Then she gave a growling moan as she felt his hands gripping her hips, and the heavy weight of his prick pushing up into her from behind.

"Magic Moments," Rebecca ground out through clenched teeth, "captured . . . for . . . ever. . . A day . . . uh . . . to remember . . . ooh, you bastard, for always . . . oh! . . . Oh! OH!"

BLAH!

continued from page 14

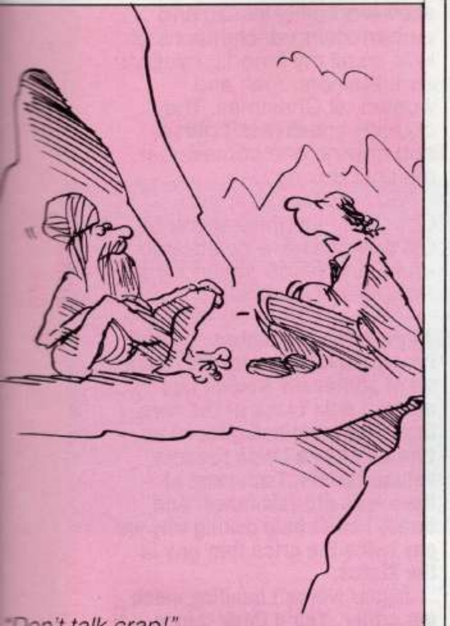
This sophisticated sexual process won't drive her wild with pleasure. In fact, it won't give her any pleasure at all, but if she'll put up with that, she'll put up with almost anything to give you pleasure. Your perfect lover for life.

T.K.,
Teesside.

Don't you just discover she'll put up with anything until you've married her? – Ed.

Perfect Lover
Sir: In fact he's just finding that out.

Mrs. T.K.,
Teesside.



"Don't talk crap!"

Straight Sex
Sir: I deplore the kinky ideas that I find glorified in the pages of your magazine. I get no pleasure from such things, my only pleasure is straight sex. It is the only really satisfying way.

Alas, if only I had a straight penis and could find a girl with a straight pussy, I could be happy.

H.D.,
Lincoln.

Uses of *MO* (Part 4235)
Sir: I have been interested to read about the uses readers find for *Men Only*. None of them very practical, I fear. I have found a far more down to earth use – making myself very rich!

I had a great uncle who was a millionaire. I was his only heir, but he refused to die. Determined to get rid of him while I could still get an

continued on page 37

THE • DONE • THING

SEASONAL BONKROUND

'Tis the time of goodwill again. If you can make it through the festive season without at least one psychotic episode, you're doing fine!

With backs to the wall to avoid being goosed,
We fidget and seek an excuse to vamoose,
Making small talk and craving relief,
Smirking and drinking bad wine through clenched teeth.

From *The Office Party by Tym Manley.*

Ghastly time of year for the English gentleman, Yuletide! Undiluted frightfulness. The trouble is, I need hardly say, that the whole business – and especially the 'spirit of Christmas' – is so damn vulgar!

It's not the Christmas story so much, although one has to say having an illegitimate baby born in a stable is not something the more traditional English family would celebrate, or even tolerate. It's this awful low demonstration of love, peace and goodwill towards men that makes one want to puke. Love, tenderness, caring! I ask you. It's filth! I mean, a decent chap just doesn't *talk* about that sort of thing.

Nor will a lady lower herself to listen to it for an instant. Indeed I remember, many years ago, when – in drink, and at the moment of spending, it must be said – I so lowered my standards as to say to the memsahib: "I'm frightfully fond of you, old girl." She didn't speak to me for a year, and when she did it was only to abuse me for it.

TENDER EMULSIONS: Christmas Eve is all right, all punch and carol singers – and I do enjoy punching carol singers. Boxing Day is for killing animals and coming back covered in blood. Best day of the year. But Christmas Day! Nothing but a mawkish display of false emulsions (excuse the euphemism but my doctor has forbidden me to spell the word correctly; the sight of it gives me buboes of the tripes).

Suddenly the whole country gives itself over to dripping with what it calls 'lurve' for its fellow men. It's intolerable. And what tips it over into hell is that this should be the very day when the bloody family comes to visit.

Apparent concern for the plight of the starving poor I can manage. A modicum of warmth for those of my tenants who have paid their rents I can muster. Pity for my friends trapped in the same emulsional web as I am, I can allow. But show me a man who feels anything but repugnance for his family and I'll show you no gentleman!

As for one's children! Young Giles, Gervaise and that frightful Beatrice are totally repellent. Then there are their tarts, toy-boys and hangers-on. Appalling! Luckily they are all overwhelmed by the antiquity of Uttoxeter Towers. So I have my butler, Plonker, show 'em the dungeons as soon as they arrive. With strict instructions not to release them until well into the New Year.

POOR SODS! I shudder to think what it is like for those less fortunate than I – those who do not have dungeons. Or duties, come to that. Yes, duty has its uses. As Lord of the Manor I *must* go to church. I can haul everyone out to midnight mass, which usually keeps 'em in bed until Matins next day. Then I fill 'em with sherry, luncheon, port and brandy enough to keep them asleep until evensong. It's a pity so few people now know the joy of going to church. The solace of that place. I mean, if your bloody relations don't go with you, you're shot of them. And if they do, they can't say a word for hours. And you can sleep! Best sleeps of my life in church, the Rectum's nasal whine acts on me like barbiturates.

The less fortunate, I hear, must go to office parties. Pretend to enjoy the company of those they like least while being filled with cheap booze by cunning factory owners who hope they'll all finally remove their clothes and do something totally humiliating in public. Does wonders for productivity, my man Rolands tells me, to have the workforce too embarrassed to speak to each other for months.

The plebeian, too, has a family and, crammed into his little hut, cannot escape anywhere. He is forced to watch Americans killing each other on what the lower classes, I believe, call VD.

No wonder the suicide rate soars at Christmas.

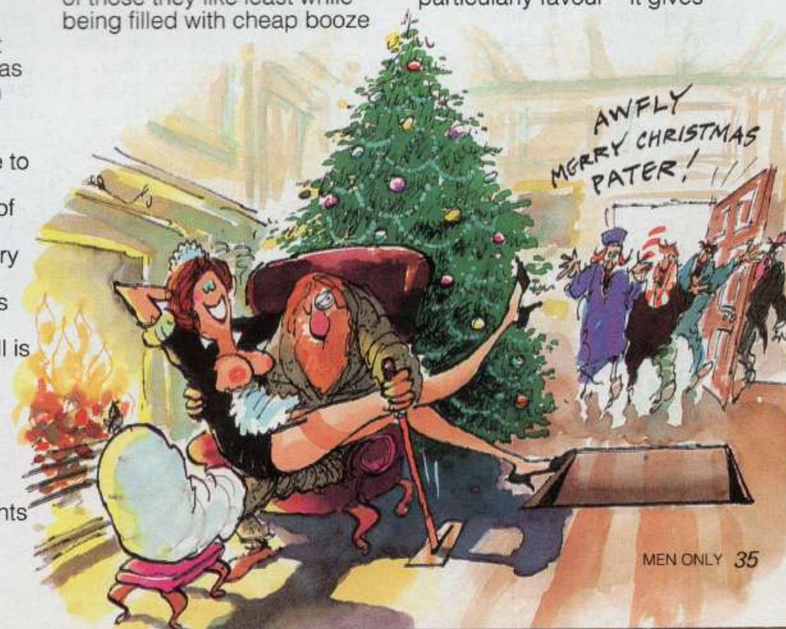
CATCH 25TH: Christmas is only one day of the year, as we're always told, when we complain. Which is precisely *why* it is so vulgar. One day of charity and goodwill (in 364 of skulduggery, thuggery and swining around) smacks of hypocrisy, which a purist – like my old friend Buffy St. John – insists is ungentlemanly.

This Buffy, incidentally, was the Chief Constable the papers pilloried last year as Pontious Pilate. You may remember the business. Buffs was going to midnight mass when he saw a light in his stables. Investigating, he found a young couple squatting there, the woman having given birth to a baby. They had nowhere to go, they told Buffy. So, always a perfect gentleman, Buffs drove them out into the snow at shotgun-point and had them arrested for vagrancy.

The whole country was up in arms about it. But Buffy was adamant. "Not having any of this 'heartlessness' cant," he told me. "They'd all have done the same – the only thing they blame me for is not waiting until Boxing Day!"

Perfectly right, of course.

KNOBLESS OBLIGE: Our problem, though, is that it's traditional for the gentleman to put on shows of bonhomie at this time. Going round with hampers to elderly and infirm tenants is a tradition I particularly favour – it gives


AWFLY MERRY CHRISTMAS PATER!

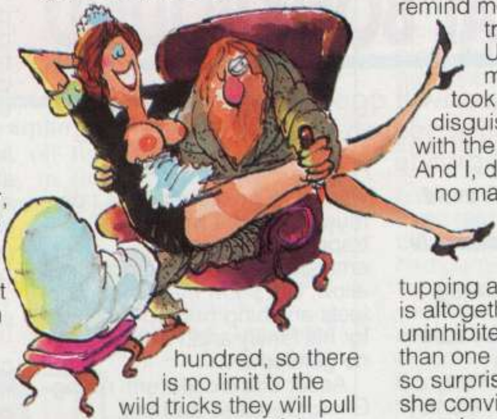
one an ideal opportunity to serve their eviction orders on them. The party in the hall, Christmas boxes for the servants, going round with cauldrons of scalding gruel and tipping it over trouble-makers, are all part of a gentleman's rôle in the community.

We face a hard choice. So many of our forefathers' great traditions are hideously vulgar, but even the greatest persons will keep them going, no matter how distasteful. The finest example being the great fart-lighting competition which is a feature of Christmas Eve at Buckingham Palace.

Such things pain Her Majesty, I know (sometimes physically if the wind is in the wrong direction), but it is a duty to maintain them.

To the villagers of Uttoxeter, Christmas Eve is Knobless Night. For centuries the poor girls of the village have come up to the Towers, stripped off their clothes and danced naked for the gentlemen. Quite an impressive spectacle, I'm told, all those swinging bubbies, undulating buttocks and wet cunnies shining in the firelight as they are waved in front of one's nose.

The idea is that each of the men must choose a wench to tupp that night. The rest are sent away, knobless, with 20 guineas. Those that stay get a hundred, so there is no limit to the wild tricks they will pull to attract us. No part of the body that is not displayed, no venal sin that is not mimed, no penis-shaped object that is not enveloped – we have to lock the decanters away and last year I had the joiners put square ends on the banister posts, but it did no good.



As Justice of the Peace I have had to view a number of what are called pornographic moving pictures. These were, I am told, the worst of their kind. But they are a mere bagatelle compared with Knobless Night.

Hopelessly coarse and vulgar, you see. But a sacred tradition. I keep it going, although it does nothing but remind me of a personal tragedy. The first Lady Uttoxeter, a mettlesome filly, once took it in her head to disguise herself and join in with the village wenches. And I, drunk, of course, for no man can face this sober, foolishly chose her!

Alas! My method of tupping a peasant girl, which is altogether a more vigorous, uninhibited and jolly manner than one could use with a lady, so surprised the poor girl, that she convinced herself she had experienced an 'orgasm'. Which, had she, would have made her no lady! She brooded, imagined she was of low birth, found in her physical likeness to her mama's chauffeur (and the fact that her papa was in France at the time of her conception) cause to doubt her nobility and, to be brief, went mad.

I still hear her orgasmic shrieks sometimes, from the stair tower of the west wing where she is incarcerated. My heart feels heavy as I try to explain it away to the present memsahib as owls (for I refuse to lie, but do not like to drop my aitches).

VULGAR DUTY: This, then, is the gentleman's dilemma at Christmas: he is torn between the vulgarity of displaying false emulsions and the duty to observe traditional displays of false emulsion. I suggest, gentlemen, we allow ourselves to be guided by the words of Lord Cardamon, who writes:

"Hypocrisy cannot be contrary to etiquette, for etiquette *is* hypocrisy. It is etiquette which insists you say: 'Don't worry, it'll grow again', when some silly moo tips a pot of hot java all over your tadger, when your real desire is to put your boot up her arse. The Christmas Spirit is, of course, in appalling taste, but I don't think it is bad manners.

"Personally, I have always showered gifts, kisses and embarrassing declarations of love on all my friends, relations and retainers, men and women, at Christmas. They couldn't stand it, of course, and now no one comes near me until Boxing Day.

"So I am free to spend Christmas as generations of Cardamons have celebrated it: drunk and in the gutter."/*The Rev. Giles Uttoxeter.*

BRRM • • BRRM!

SAGGING SUPERCARS

In which our man battles British Rail to Brum, only to discover that, in the world of car interiors, tacky cream leather still reigns supreme.

Is it really a whole year since my last dispatch from the Motor Show? How time hobbles. It never ceases to amaze me how France manages to stump up with more champagne every year to keep the Motor Show on the road (if you'll pardon the expression).

Anyway, they may not like our lamb much, but by golly we don't care when it comes to buying their champagne. Talk about *entente cordiale*. Though bugger-all cordial gets drunk at the Motor Show, believe me.

This year I dug out my passport and headed North. Editor's orders ('8:33 125 BR to NEC OK') were decoded, but not appreciated. If, like me, catching the train comes one above catching your dick in your zipper in your list of most unfavourite things, you'll know what I mean.

So was it worth it? In a word, yes and no. Let me be the 278th to say it, but change is in the air.

As a kid in the 60s and a spotty youth in the 70s, I believed that certain marques were beyond reproach. All right, I knew there was more chance of getting a blow-job off the Queen (there goes the knighthood) than owning a Ferrari or a Rolls Royce, but impressions like that are not easily changed.

Until this year's Motor Show, that is. What a disappointment. All those hallowed names just aren't what they used to be. Or, more to the point, they are what they used to be and that's the problem. Confused? You will be.

Take Rolls Royce, for example. Britain's jewel in the crown. The car that put Crewe on the map. And the car that leaves runs in the paint. There it was, just below the swage line on the rear door. They also use that nasty pale cream leather, which looks about as soft as a hippo's arse. Rollers used to be something to look up to. You know, like Barbara Windsor's cleavage. Trouble is, both are letting their reputations droop.

Then the Ferraris. Nice paint but, again, what are these interiors all about? More of that 'pimp shoe cream' leather and deep red carpet. No shag pile, though. Not much chance of shag anything really. It's so thin you'd do your knees a mischief. Apparently, the waiting list is five years for a new Ferrari. Bloody hell, you can get a hip replacement on the NHS faster than that. Bad news is, they closed the order book 18 months ago. Don't know why people bothered looking at the cars. By the time your name comes to the top, the car you ordered won't be in production anyway.

So, on to the Porsche stand. Why are these people so snotty? I'm not looking for charity, but a bit of politeness wouldn't go amiss. I didn't look at the cars. One, they're spinning round on turntables like flying saucers, behind fences. Two, most of them look old-fashioned. And three, I can't help asking why we pay twice the price they pay in the States.

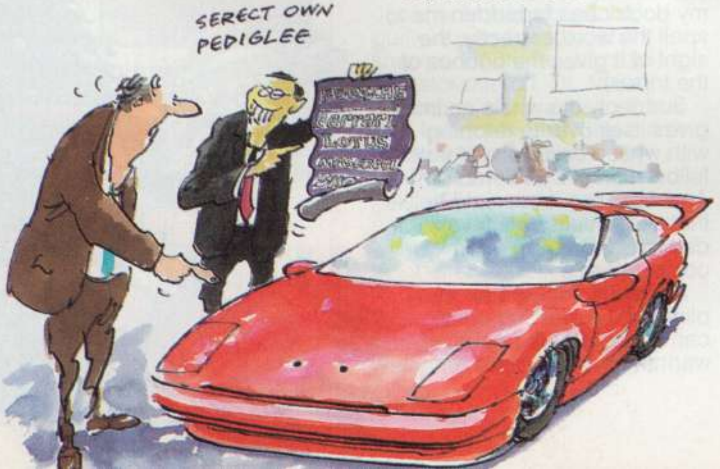
Jaguar weren't handing much out either. You'd think they'd need to, the rate the cars are selling. Rumour is, more slide rules sold in the US last year than Jags.

Aston Martin next . . . the company that's never made a profit in its history. The good news is, the Virage and Virage Volante (soft top to you) are hand-built. Bad news is, they look it. 150 grand for a car that was built the same way they did 30 years ago. Leave it out!

They weren't as bad as the Lotuses, though. The Elan looks like a kit car and the others are just built like one.

No time to waste. Straight on to the Lamborghini stand. They actually let me sit in a Diablo – or, should I say, lie in one. Maybe it's the price of being the flashest geezer on the block, but they're unbelievably cramped and I, for one, wouldn't like to do 202mph in something I couldn't swing my dick in, let alone a cat.

Next stand, Maserati. Whatever happened to the Maserati I knew and loved? I



continued on page 40

BLAH!

continued from page 35

erection, I gave him a copy of *Men Only* and the old bugger popped his rocks and snuffed it in 15 minutes!

Thanks a lot, *Men Only*. I enclose my cheque for £50.

G.K.,
Harrow, Middx.

And Again
Sir: I must complain about the accuracy of the letters you print. I was induced by your correspondent, G.K. (Vol. 87, No. 45), to give my 84-year-old millionaire uncle a copy of *Men Only*. And what happened? He shot off in his wheelchair and fathered three heirs (one legitimate) in three days. And is healthier than ever.

J.L.,
London W14.

OK, Once More
Sir: That's nothing! (Uses of *Men Only* Vol. 88, No. 46). I gave my rich uncle a copy of *MO*, hoping to knock him off, and fared far worse. The old bastard changed his will, leaving all his money to Sarah (page 115)! What reparations do you propose making?

B.D.,
York.

The accountant's attention will be drawn to this letter as soon as he returns. He is currently on his honeymoon with his new wife, Sarah (page 115). This surprise marriage follows a lightning romance and divorce which started at 10pm yesterday.

"Well, tell your master, if he wants a cup of tea to get one himself."

The Last One
Sir: I only pretended I'd left my money to Sarah (page 115) to irritate my great nephew. In fact, I have already spent it on Mary (the whistling masseuse) in return for the pleasure of watching her play the flute with her cunt. Tough luck!

M.A.,
York.

The accountant's attention will be drawn to this letter as soon as he leaves hospital after shooting himself, yesterday. It's OK. He missed!

GOTCHA!

When a girl's been at UNO what all day, nothing relaxes her more than rolling around naked in a small Italian car. Now you Fiat, now you don't!

At long last the Italian consumer watchdog, Fido, has developed tests for the really important features of a modern motor car.

How well, for example, can it simulate running out of petrol without the lady finding it all too obvious to go along with? Top marks here go to the second one-litre petrol tank which guffs and splutters as though it's empty . . . because it really is *empty! Incorporating a neatly-hidden 'emergency tank' switch so you get out of carrying the can in the afterglow, this one wins Fido's coveted* Horizontal Award.

Much more exciting, though, is the new 'tonking' tests designed to see whether a car is really fit for its primary purpose. Our pictures show a trained tester going through the rigorous rolling around, sweating, panting and getting well gooey procedure which shows up a car's tendency to bottom out, counter or dampen desirable thrust characteristics. It also gauges the resistance of the floor panels to rusting out under severely damp conditions.

This little number passed with flying knickers and comes with Fido's Shaggin' Waggon Class 'A' Award.

continued from page 36

mean, who wants a car that looks like a bulldog chewing a wasp? We're not talking ugly here, we're talking Elephant Man. The models are all named after famous winds from around the world, which certainly says something about them. Loads of hot air and a nasty aftertaste.

With a stand the size of a football pitch, and a budget the size of Gazza's pay packet, Ford were there in a big way. You wonder why they don't get their stand designers to design the cars. New Escort? Do me a favour.

Back in the 50s, Ford in the USA produced a car called the Edsel, a car whose name became synonymous with fuck-up. Why was it a flop? Well, partly because the grille looked like a fanny, but mainly because Ford were stupid enough to ask the public what they wanted. Apparently, that's what happened with the new Escort. They call them 'customer clinics' nowadays. If a housewife in Preston says she doesn't like something, they change it. In the end you have a car that upsets no one, but is about as exciting as watching Wogan take a piss.

Saving graces, I hear you scream. Well, like I said, change is in the air. And like most things in the car world nowadays, it comes from Japan. The bad news for all of the above is that the Japs are now building supercars. Those who know, for example, say the Honda NSX is far better than the 911 or the Esprit Turbo. They were polite, helpful, they talked to anyone who asked, had brochures, etc. The new Mitsubishi 3000GT was at the show, too. Four-wheel drive, four-wheel steering, four of a few other things, too. This car had more letters after its name than Bamber Gascoigne.

The point is, we've reached an age when past reputations count for bugger-all. So what if Aston won Le Mans in 1950-something? What punters want nowadays is quality, modern build standards and comfort – plus, of course, the well-respected car magazine saying that the NSX can outperform everything else on the road, for power, handling, ride, comfort, equipment, you name it, but 'hasn't got the Porsche pedigree'. Once the punters stop believing bollocks like that, we'll all be better off./ *Mortimer Wheeltrim.*

AWA • THE • JOBBIE

HOUGHMAGOOLIEGANDIES

All members will rise! Furtive photographs of plonker-posing politicians cause a stir in the snow-clad Highlands. Is nothing sacred? we ask.

Twas the eve of St. Houghmagandie, the cruellest time of the Highland year. Outside the doors, the arctic wind was whistling through the whigmaleeries, and the flashers were describing themselves in fluent Gaelic. We sat in the saloon bar of the Kiltlifters' Arms, my bonny Mountainous Morag and me, toasting our tatties at the peat fire blaze and enjoying a pint of Auld Billiconnolly's Gorbals Gripewater with the aid of two straws. After a while, the conversation turned to politics.

"Aye, lassy, British Democracy is a braw, braw thing," I declared. "Under what other system could the people of Scotland vote in a Labour government once every five years, without being subjected to the terrible ordeal of actually getting one?"

"Och aye, ye ken," Morag agreed.

"Under what other brand of politics would you find a government so generous that they'd reward the electors for voting for their opponents - by guaranteeing that if you bring in a Labour council, your Poll Tax will be capped by nice Mr. Patten?"

Morag nodded, setting her Grampian Gropeables prettily a-wobbling.

"In what other species of state," I demanded, afire with my own oratory, "would every man, woman and *TV Times* astrologer over the age of 18 have the opportunity to pick their lords and masters – to pick them, mind, not from common humanity, but from that class of human being most competent, most noble, most wise and most trustworthy – politicians?"

AH SEE Y'VE TRIMMED YE WEE PARTICKLES ANGUS...
DITTO MORAG

"And actresses," Mountainous Morag said.

"Eh?"

"Like yon Glenda Jacksey down in Hampstead," Morag explained. "She says she's fed up spouting improbable fiction for a living, so she wants to be an MP instead. What d'ye think, ma hairy wee haggis-humper? Will she git in?"

"Bound to," I assured her.

"Why's that?"

"It is a truth universally agreed," I pontificated, "that the time you really know you can trust someone is when you've seen the colour of their pubes. In fact, I wonder that every parliamentary candidate is not forced by law to display himself in the nude before election day."

"Funny you should say that," came a voice from my rear.

"Gosh!" gasped Morag. "I never knew your rear could talk."

"Silly lassy. It's someone behind me."

I turned. There at the corner table, half-hidden by a plate of stovies and a modest Alp of livel writs, sat Duncan Cuppasoup, the very famous Scottish investigative reporter. I've known Duncan for many years. He's a man of unimpeachable integrity, and not at all either a shoplifter or a transvestite. *(Sighs of relief from the Legal Department.)*

"It so happens," he announced, "that today I got the word from a highly-placed government more: Parliament's about to bring in the very legislation you suggest. In, fact, several members of the House of Commons have already had their photographs taken *au naturel*. Here, take a look."

He opened a fat Top Secret dossier; extracting a sheaf of glossy four by sixes, he spread them out on the table-top in front of us. Our jaws dropped faster than the pound after a John Major pep-talk.

"Jings, crivvins, michty me!" gasped Morag. "So that's why they call him the Member for Littlehampton!"

Feverishly we shuffled through the pile. "I see John Selwyn Gummer hasn't reached puberty yet," I commented.

"That's because he won't eat up his vegetables. Oh look! Roy Hattersley dribbles at both ends."

"Here's Cecil Parkinson. The photographer must have used a long lens."

"What's that writing on it? Oh, I see: unsolicited endorsements from satisfied users. *'Fabulous: I could not put it down – M.T.'*. . . And here's a back view of Cyril Smith."

"Now you know where they've hidden Salmon Rushdie," said Duncan.

"What a beautiful sight!" I cried. "The gorgeous, pouting nakedness of Ms. Rosie Barnes."

"Is it true she's in the Centre?" asked Morag.

"No, as a matter of fact she leans quite heavily to the Right. But what have we here? Someone's played a joke on you, Duncan: this is surely a still from *Return of the Living Dead."*

"Let's see. No, that's Edwina Currie. Look – you can tell by the two eggs on her chest. Fried ones."

Just then, Morag let out a horrified scream. "Help ma Boab! Poor Kenneth Baker has nothing between his legs at all!"

"Well, you know why that is."

"No, why?"

"Because Snatcher has his full support. In fact, if you look at the whole Cabinet, you'll see that they all have zippers around their scrotal sacks. That's because whenever they enter Number Ten, they always have to leave their balls in the hall."

"Why are there only English MPs in the file?" I asked. "Haven't they photographed our glorious Scottish representatives yet?"

"They tried with Ron Brown," Duncan explained. "But he had to be disqualified. Trouble was he would insist on posing in a pair of Marks & Spencer knickers."

"But who's this?" Morag frowned. "I cannae see his face. He's got a bag over his head."

I had a look. "That," I declared with total confidence, "is Michael Mates."

"How can you tell?"

"He's wearing one."/*The McTullock of Tools.*

FUTILE • SEX

BACCHUS IN FERMENT

Coffee-coloured sexy senõritas surround our man wearing the grapes on his head. Is it any wonder he finds his maracas are rattling?

I am shaped rather like Bacchus, so it seemed a good idea to impersonate him at the Carnival Ball I went to in Rio de Janeiro. Carnival always takes place in February, just after the midpoint of the Brazilian summer. Rio is a city sheltering under a pall of sensuality which coaxes normally active gonads into feverish activity; the going age for girls to lose their virginity is, according to a female friend of mine, 12.

The ballroom in which my particular party was held was steaming hot when I entered. The place was filled with people who had spent much time, effort and money on their costumes, but I was the only person in the room wearing real grapes.

As soon as my dancing partners realised this, they started to pluck at my white silk headband, with the result that, before long, my ears were filled with fermenting juice and Bacchus was looking a good deal less chic than when he had first appeared.

When the band was ready for a break, another band took over the beat, and part of the fun was to see how long one could endure frenetic sambaing in the intense heat before collapsing into a swimming pool of gin and tonic.

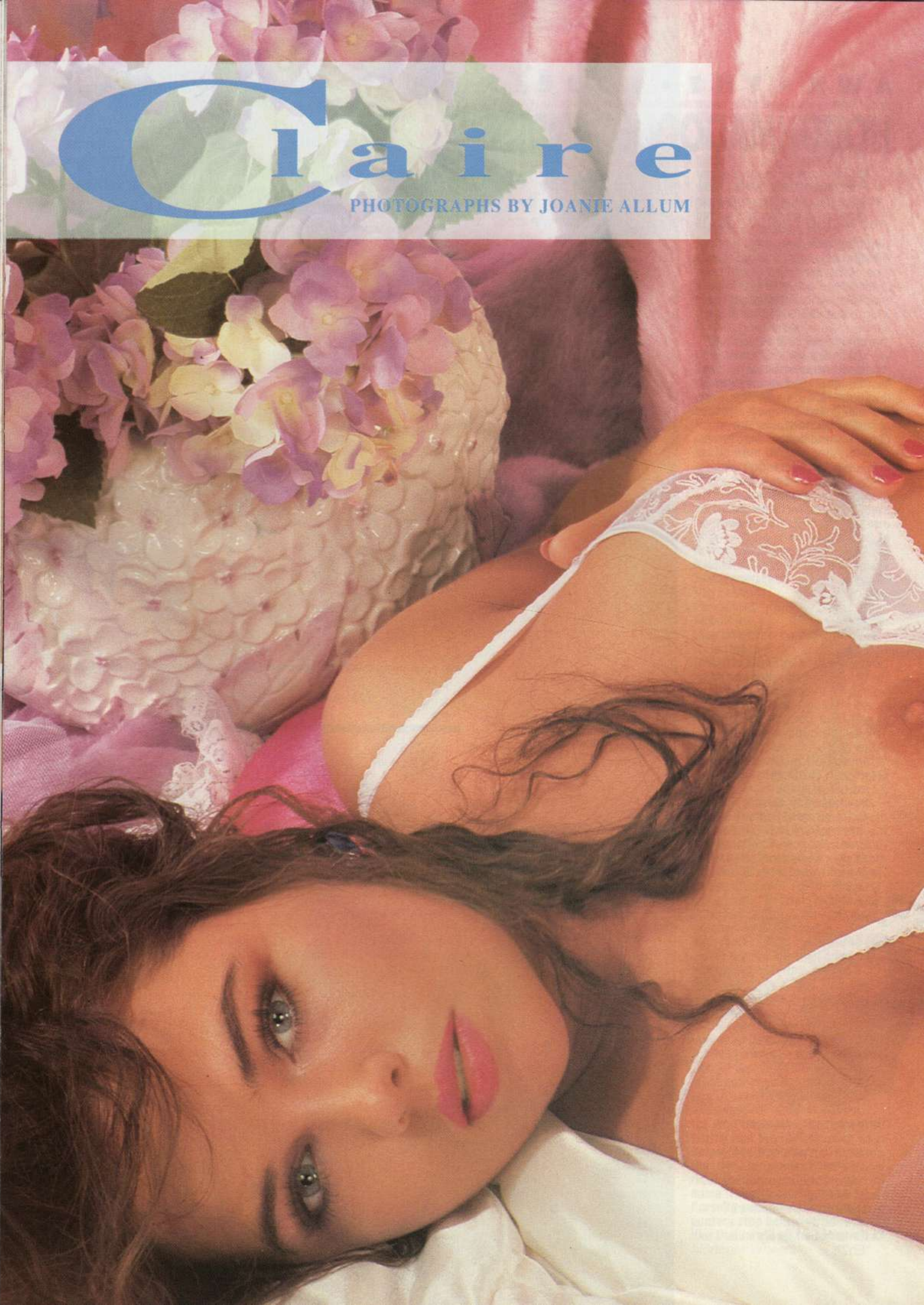
My first partner was a slender, writhing mulatta, with skin of golden yellow and a passion for grapes which soon devoured the last few I was wearing. I did not mind, as she employed a particularly sinuous tongue in ferreting about for the fermented juice. If I had not been trying to concentrate on not having a coronary, this would probably have led to a swift fusion of the two of us in the nearest closet.

The second girl was jet black, with copious breasts and large white teeth. I had never enjoyed the pleasures of contact with such a girl before and the sweet musk of her,

continued on page 56

Claire

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOANIE ALLUM



Have you ever tried to write about a beautiful girl with another beautiful girl draping her boobs around your neck, making your eyes water with her own personal nerve gas (£280 a smidgin) and continually planting her G-stringed bottom on the keyboard (32-22-36)?

Rhetorical question, not many of us at it (dying trade); but it gives you an insight

into – well, almost everything. Here am I complimenting Claire's lovely green eyes and inviting lips as she smiles shyly through a haze of dark hair. And here's Ms. Bell typing in *'tiny tits, though'* every time I open another bottle. And changing her measurements to centimetres and generally threatening to delete the whole blowrd f3e7js0lq,2ed3 irfcKMC!

MENONLY

CHERRY THE VIKING VIXEN

"There's nothing wrong with my libido that half an hour with Cherry and a vat of baby lotion couldn't cure." Fiction by Howard Lake.

Cherry preached health with all the zeal of a TV preacher selling £20 day-glo Jesus statuettes.

"Health is the finest thing you can have!" she screamed. *"Your body is a shrine! Yes, you can have money! Yes, you can have a fine car! Yes, you can have a pretty girl on your arm . . . but, without fitness, what have you REALLY got?!"*

From my position, prone on the exercise mat, I mused upon her words and rapidly came to the conclusion that driving along a highway in an open top Ferrari with a semi-naked, top-heavy nubile starlet fiddling with my fly buttons and several million in readies stashed in the trunk was by far the better option. But then, anything was better than a week at this place, this Hell on Earth, being subjected to tortures which would have put Caligula off his lunch. This place was the Clean Living Initiative Training Centre and the reason that I – Jerry Jerome, 35 years old, sales rep – was here was on account of my firm having been taken over by one of those crackpot multinationals, the sort that regard the company as less a means of making dough than a religion.

They'd bought us out, then decided that all reps were to be packed off to this health farm and indoctrinated into how to live on sesame seeds and carrot juice.

I'd been there three days and I wasn't too sure that I was going to stand the pace. Starting the day at 6am with a three-mile jog wasn't my idea of the Good Life. The only problem was that if you didn't complete the course here, then you wouldn't have a job to return to. So one way or another I was going to have to endure whatever form of sadism they could throw at us.

However, there was some compensation to be had and that came in the incredible form of Cherry, head training instructor at the CLIT Centre. Now *there* was a sight to inspire any out-of-shape executive into shedding one more pound. Five foot five of power-packed pulchritude she was, and when I say power-packed, I'm not joking. She was conditioned, not an inch of her body left unpunished, to the absolute pinnacle of physical perfection. Cherry's figure was as curvaceous and alluring as any glamour model's, except that the curves were slightly more enhanced, that's all.

But she was still a formidable sight, bouncing around in a skin-tight leotard or ultra-short satin shorts, forcing us to push our decrepit bodies to the final frontiers of pain. The limbs ached, the sinews stretched to snapping point and the bones cracked like gunshots, but the dong ignored it all whenever Cherry essayed one of her shorts-bursting toe-touches, the material stretching to grip every square centimetre of her lean, taut buttocks, the sweet bulge of her pussy outlined wonderfully. It was for moments such as those that we waited with baited breath, and for just one moment these privations we endured were worth it.

When the night came and we staggered up to our beds after a hard evening on the mineral water and lentil bake, we'd fall asleep with our minds filled with glorious visions of Cherry peeling off that sweaty leotard and urging us to 'drop and give her 10'. A heavenly vision, but all the more frustrating due to the fact that your right arm was far too tired to gallop the lizard. Instead, you'd just fall into a disturbed sleep and wake up the next morning with an embarrassing stain on the bedsheets.

It was lunchtime on Day Four and I was sitting in the company of Mike, one of my fellow reps, when suddenly he let out an anguished groan of despair and slumped down on the table, head in hands.

"I can't stand it!" he wailed. "All I see is her – everywhere. I take a herbal rub: it's her rubbing it into my thigh . . . I see her face in my mung-bean soufflé . . . I'm doing press-ups and I . . ."

Fearing that his jogging pants weren't flame-retardant, I intervened. "Perhaps it's a sign that this course is working," I suggested. "All this extra energy might have overstimulated your libido."

Mike shook his head. "There's nothing wrong with my libido that half an hour with Cherry and a vat of baby lotion couldn't cure," he told me. "I haven't felt this horny since I was 15!"

"You're right," I agreed, "but we have to fight it. Our mental health is at stake. Anyway, it'll soon be over and we'll be back on the road. Just think: luncheon vouchers, bar tabs, free petrol and a busty widow called Dolores in every town."

"No." Mike menaced his aduki-bean paté with his fork. "It won't be the same. Ever!"

He was right, of course. I knew that once out of this place, life wouldn't be the eternal round of boozing and boffing any more. Things were going to be different.

However, right now there were weightier matters in hand. Quite literally – because the next stage of our indoctrination was the multigym. I felt a shudder of dread travel all the way down my spine and grip at my scrotal sac as I saw the vast array of implements of physical destruction all gleaming before me.

Cherry, though, was in seventh heaven: "These machines will rebuild you," she exclaimed rapturously. "After an hour in here you'll feel like a different person!"

Yeah, I thought miserably. Like Tutankhamen – after the embalming.

"Go for it!" yelled Cherry like a demented cheerleader from Hell. "Work that body till it hurts!"

I walked over to the nearest contraption and was hurting by the time I reached it. I waited until Cherry's back was turned and adjusted the weights to the least possible tension. Soon, I was into my stride, making good use of my thespian talents, so that it looked as though I was in imminent danger of needing a truss, when all I was lifting was equivalent to the bulk of your average domestic tortoise. Groans and gasps of what I assumed to be exertion rent the air about me. *"Ooofff! Urghhh! Arghhh!"* I panted, sounding like the soundtrack of a particularly amateurish porno movie. *"Ooofff! Urghh! Ooofff! WHAT THE FUCK!"*

This last exclamation had nothing to do with my straining, but a lot to do with the sight that had greeted my eyes from across the room. There was Cherry, the sweat pouring off her brow in cascades as she pumped enough iron to keep a decent-sized steelworks in business for a year, oblivious to everything around her; oblivious to the fact that the shoulder strap of her leotard had snapped and fallen down, exposing one beautifully-sculptured breast, tipped by a bubblegum-pink nipple that was as stiff as it could get, almost quivering with excitement as those weights slid up and down the chrome towers of that apparatus.

I ceased my labours and concentrated on her. The more that I stared at her, the more the realisation dawned upon me that this was no ordinary workout. This was something else. There was no mistaking the proud bulge of her quim as it thrust against the second-skin material, all too clearly defined, the lips of her pussy framed in the tautness of the overstretched fabric. And there was no mistaking, either, the damp patch that was forming between her legs: a damp patch that had nothing to do with sweat, but a lot to do with a moistness of another kind. It was fascinating and I was almost hypnotised, unable to tear my eyes from that heavenly sight, aware of the way that my prick was stirring in my shorts, growing fatter and stiffer the more that I gazed upon Cherry's incredible form.

Suddenly, she cried out, her head arching upwards, her entire body shaking and trembling as she relinquished her grip and let the weights fall with an almighty crash. For a few seconds she just lay there as though savouring the moment, then she looked up, looking across the room, directly at me, directly at the conspicuous ridge in the front of my shorts. We made eye contact, only briefly, but there was enough in that look to suggest that we both knew that the other knew.

I spent the rest of the day in a state of profound agitation, both mentally and physically. An idea was forming in my head, but I wasn't certain whether it was the right one. However, the thought that I could, just maybe, get through to her was enough to inspire me.

I informed Mike and the other guys that I was too washed out to take part in the usual card school that evening, and that I would be taking an early night with a good book and an asparagus milkshake.

Earlier that day, I'd cased the joint and worked out where Cherry would be at this hour – on the small secluded beach that lay but a short stroll from the Centre. Heart pounding, I stalked through the long grass of the dunes towards the shore where I fervently hoped my quarry would be.

From behind a clump of marram grass I surveyed the scene. At first, I thought I was out of luck – the beach appeared deserted. But then I noticed a pile of discarded clothing a little way up the sand. Beside the clothes lay a collection of various-sized hand weights: dumb-bells and the like. Proof positive that Cherry was around here somewhere. I looked out to sea and, sure enough, there was a head bobbing up and down in the waves, swimming with powerful strokes, cutting through the water towards the shore.

The sunset, the ocean, Cherry's beauty and the raging, throbbing thing in my shorts all combined to inspire me to new heights of delirium . . .

As I watched, she came further and further towards the beach until, finally, she raised herself from the breakers just like Ursula Andress in *Doctor No* – only minus the bikini.

Yes, Cherry was as naked as nature intended. The water dripping from her skin glistened in the late evening sunlight. It trickled in tiny beads between the two firm honey-coloured mounds of her bosom; it clung in loving droplets to the damp thatch of her pubes. Naked, she was like some goddess of the ocean.

And the combination of the sunset, the ocean, Cherry's beauty and the raging, throbbing thing in my shorts all combined to inspire me to new heights of poetic delirium. Sex – especially the lack of it – can do that sort of thing to a guy.

I gripped tight at my shrubbery hiding place as Cherry padded across the sand towards her clothes. She lay down and stretched out, not making any effort to cover herself. Her slender fingers reached out and curled around one of the dumb-bells. Lazily, without effort, she raised it above her head, the muscles in her right arm flexing and unflexing as she slowly pumped it up and down, her breasts undulating sensually in time with her movements. Her eyes were shut tight and her face assumed a dreamy expression. Then, as I watched, she began to run the fingers of the other hand over her tits, caressing her nipples, tracing a circle around the areolae, stroking those pink buds until they stood proudly erect, stiff, as she started to fondle her tits with more urgency, really kneading that firm flesh, her tongue slipping between her teeth to moisten her full lips as she maintained the steady rhythm with that weight.

Then more . . . her hand trailing over her smooth flat stomach, sliding between her powerful thighs and into the region of dark shadow, rubbing it gently back and forth, her thighs easing apart as her self-ministrations increased in pace and desperation.

It was obvious what was going on here: Cherry was bringing herself off as she lay there on the sand. One thought flashed immediately into my head. Why? A woman like her should never have to resort to DIY in order to gain satisfaction. With looks like hers, she could take her pick of any man she so desired. So what was her hang-up?

Further debate on this matter was brought to an abrupt halt as I suddenly made a new discovery concerning the strength of marram grass. The answer is that it's not as tough as you'd think. In fact, it's downright weedy – a thought that passed through my skull as I fell from my hide and tumbled down the dune, heading on a collision course with Cherry, oblivious to all, blissfully frigging herself as I rolled towards her.

The next few seconds were a blur of limbs, skin and sand as I landed upon her. A short struggle ensued and, in her consternation, Cherry landed a right uppercut on my chin, despatching me to the sand with stars in my eyes and a host of pink angels fluttering around my head singing *Hallelujah*.

Everything went black for a moment – and when I came to, I found myself gazing right into Cherry's gorgeous face, peaches'n'cream complexion, deep blue eyes and a look that seemed to say: 'Prepare yourself for immediate termination!'

"You were spying on me!" she hissed angrily.

"Yes," I admitted feebly.

"Why?"

She needed an answer? "I was bored with carrot juice," I told her. "So I went for a stroll. I saw you and, well, I'm only human – I couldn't resist staying around to watch. And, anyway, I was confused."

"Confused?" She looked puzzled now.

"Yes," I said, "confused. I couldn't work out why a girl like you had to find relief alone . . . I mean, masturbate . . ." (this wasn't proving to be a good course of action) ". . .I mean – why haven't you got yourself a man?"

Cherry's face clouded for a moment and I closed my eyes, expecting that, within a few seconds, I was going to qualify as a soprano in the Vienna Boys' Choir, but nothing happened. Finally, I heard her speak.

"Men don't do anything for me," she said softly. "At least," she added, "I haven't found one yet who does."

I opened my eyes. "What do you mean?" I asked.

Cherry shook her head. "Bodies," she said simply. "Their bodies . . . all fat and flab . . ." – she grimaced – "it turns me off, so I have to invent my dream man . . . imagine him with me."

"And what's he like?" I asked her.

She lowered herself back on to the sand, that beautiful form right in front of me. "He's big and strong – like a god," she breathed. "His arms are huge, his legs are like tree trunks" – she closed her eyes – "his fingers are so . . . so *strong*!"

I gazed down upon her supine figure, aware of my hard-on thudding against my shorts. "What does he do?" I enquired.

A soft smile spread across Cherry's face. "He puts his hands on my thighs," she whispered. "His strong hands caressing my thighs . . ."

That did it! I could stand this no longer. After the torture at CLIT, this was too much. Trying to stop my fingers from trembling, I allowed my hands to rest upon her thighs. "Like this?" I asked.

"Mmmm, yes," Cherry murmured. "Then he runs his hands up and down the insides of my thighs, feeling the muscles . . ."

Indeed he did. Indeed *I* did, as well. Her skin was like satin, so smooth, as I slid my fingers along her inner thighs, from her knees up to the soft swell of her sex. The muscles fluttered under my touch and Cherry inhaled deeply.

"Yes," she sighed, "then he moves his hands all over my beautiful body, stroking my tits *soooo* gently, *sooo* softly . . ."

My hands flew to her chest, marvelling at how firm her body was, as firm as steel, yet still possessing that slightest essence of softness that made her all the more wonderfully sexual. Her nipples were as hard as bullets, aching, quivering to the touch as I smoothed my hands across the twin honey-dew hillocks of her heaving breasts, gently squeezing her nipples between thumb and forefinger, plucking them into even greater stiffness.

Cherry moaned. "And then I feel it," she panted. "His cock; his enormous, stiff cock."

Her hands groped blindly towards me and I got the message fast, pulling down my shorts as quickly as was humanly possible and guiding her yearning fingers on to my prick. Well, it might not have been *enormous*, but it was stiff and rock-hard – two out of three can't be bad.

Cherry seemed happy enough with it, her cool fingers closing around my length. "That's it!" she exclaimed excitedly. "It's so big, so strong, so muscled. I want it – I want to kiss every inch of it."

She sat up sharply and, gripping my meat tight in her fist, lowered her head towards it, parting her lips, and – Nirvana! – a wave of delicious sensations engulfed my sensitive regions as her tongue lashed my hard-on mercilessly, her head bobbing back and forth, her lips performing marvels as she went to work on her fantasy dick. And, suddenly, it felt as though I *was* that hunk-god she so lusted after. Anyway, I certainly felt a bit religious . . .

A wave of delicious sensations engulfed my sensitive regions as her tongue lashed my hard-on mercilessly, her head bobbing back and forth . . .

Cherry withdrew her luscious lips, a smile upon them. "Bjorn?" she said. "Bjorn . . .?"

Perplexity took a hold: "Bjorn?" I said. "But I'm Jerry."

"No." Cherry shook her head. "You're Bjorn Axe-Blood, Viking Warrior. Feel between my legs, Bjorn – feel how ready I am."

Fair enough, I reasoned. If that was what lit her candle, sent her rocket into orbit, programmed her floppy disks, then it was fine by me. I lowered my voice a few octaves and assumed what I took to be a hurdy-gurdy Scandinavian accent. "Ja!" I declared manfully. "I, Bjorn Axe-Blood, need the woman – NOW!"

Cherry fell back on the sand, her face a picture of dreamy contentment. "Oh yes, Bjorn," she murmured, "take me . . . I'm all yours! *RAVISH ME!*"

What self-respecting barbarian could refuse an offer like that? This one couldn't. In the true spirit of 9th century wooing, I flung my powerful, bulging-sinewed body upon the fair maiden, my longship in full sail, sliding effortlessly into her welcoming fjord and heading for home.

Cherry flung her head backwards in delight. "Oh, Bjorn!" she cried. "It feels divine. I can feel Valhalla coming towards me!"

'I just call it a dong', I thought to myself, but I wasn't about to complain, not when I was experiencing such fantastic feelings, as though the entire Viking horde was behind me, blowing their rams' horns up my anal passage. And not when Cherry was holding me in a vice-like grip with arms and thighs, those muscles working to their maximum potential. And not just external muscles, either. When I said that she'd worked on every muscle in her body, I meant it: her pussy gripped my boner tighter than Bjorn Axe-Blood gripped his brain-biter in battle. It was as though she was milking every bit of my being out of my cock. Bjorn might have been able to cope, but Jerry Jerome found the going harder.

"Oh Gawd!" I groaned. "I can't hold back much longer!"

"ODIN!" screamed Cherry to the sky, sea and sand. "Oh, Odin! Shower me in your life-giving essence that I might find Valhalla!"

I rapidly worked out that cryptic command and pulled my pecker from her snug vice just as thick gouts of jism leapt from the jerking tip, spattering upon Cherry's mega-developed abdominals and perky pectorals, sending her in transports of delight, yelling all kinds of invocations to various Norse gods – plus a few other invocations of a less sacred nature. For me, it was total exhaustion coupled with a distinctly unheroic collapse in the sand . . .

I left her lying there on the beach and limped back to my room.

As usual, the following day started at dawn with a collection of potential coronary victims assembling in front of the Centre. And there was Cherry, as magnificent as ever, in her shorts and skimpy vest, exhorting us to destroy our bodies.

"Everybody! Three-mile run – NOW!" she screamed.

We started to shamble off into the morning, myself included. Suddenly, I felt a strong hand on my shoulder and heard a voice in my ear.

"All except you, Bjorn . . ." MO

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and the extraordinary agility of her hips and tight bottom, were immensely arousing.

We sat out a couple of dances, applying tall iced glasses of the precious fluid to parched mouths, before resuming. The pause had refreshed me sufficiently to generate a spot of lust which soon spread, like the pin-point of sunshine under a magnifying glass, into a consuming flare of passion.

I was living in a private house with an elderly widow who must have been descended from an ancestry of lighthouse keepers, as she had all-seeing eyes which were never far removed from the edge of the curtain. Her long-standing sexual frustration made guarding my virtue her moral imperative; I could not take my sweating, concupiscent companion back home. Besides, even if I had succeeded in smuggling her in, God knows how I could disguise her when the breakfast egg arrived – as a piece of burnt toast, perhaps.

As it was, she told me that I could come back to her home, except that her parents might be there – her father was a tram conductor who had injured a leg falling off the outside platform of the prim, green, straight-sided vehicle in the permanent rush-hour to which Rio trams were subject, so her parents had not been able to participate in the all-night revels of Carnival.

I could not restrain myself from kissing her madly; Bacchus locked in embrace with ebony, tight-bottomed Marie-Antoinette.

We emerged into the damp heat of dawn; there was a hint of sun hull down on the horizon, and a taxi was parked against the mosaic pavements outside the Municipal Theatre.

"São Cristovão," my companion told the driver as we climbed in. I did not yet know Rio well enough to realise that this was a suburb far away from downtown Rio – good masturbating distance, in view of what subsequently happened, for a determined girl to get her hand in.

That occurred as soon as the taxi moved off. Maria had large, capable hands that set to work to prise the butterfly from its crysalis.

I was embarrassed. It was one thing to vent passion in privacy, but – and, yes, I cursed myself for being an old-fashioned conservative – quite another to have one's robes violated by a determined lady in the back of a taxi, with a driver watching every movement in the rear view mirror. At times, he would gently raise himself, like someone enjoying a surreptitious fart in a crowded tube train, so that he might not miss a movement of Maria's toying fingers.

I tried to make her desist, but she seemed to regard this a challenge to her desirability. "Ele nao quer fazer nada!" she complained to the driver. ("He doesn't want to do anything.")

Encouragingly, and with seeming irrelevance, the driver handed over a bundle of newspapers.

"Goze!" she commanded. "Come – now we have something to clean up with."

Poor old cock, hitherto so proud and determined, withered, and no amount of the Correio de Manha, the best newspaper in Rio, could revive it, even though Maria wielded it furiously.

Arriving at São Cristovão – a hamlet of huts and shacks, as far as I could see – we stopped; Maria got out, eyed me with a shake of the head that reduced my ego to ashes, and went indoors.

We drove back to Rio down the Avenida Presidente Vargas, the broadest avenue in the city; the sun was rising and the driver singing jubilantly, swinging the steering wheel of the cab in time to his music, so that we swerved across eight lanes and nearly hit the only other vehicle in sight, a bus rocketing along with a severe list to port and a plume of smoke belching from it, like a capsizing tramp steamer.

The driver stopped outside my temporary residence in Ipanema, and grinned.

"Don't worry about the laundress," he said.

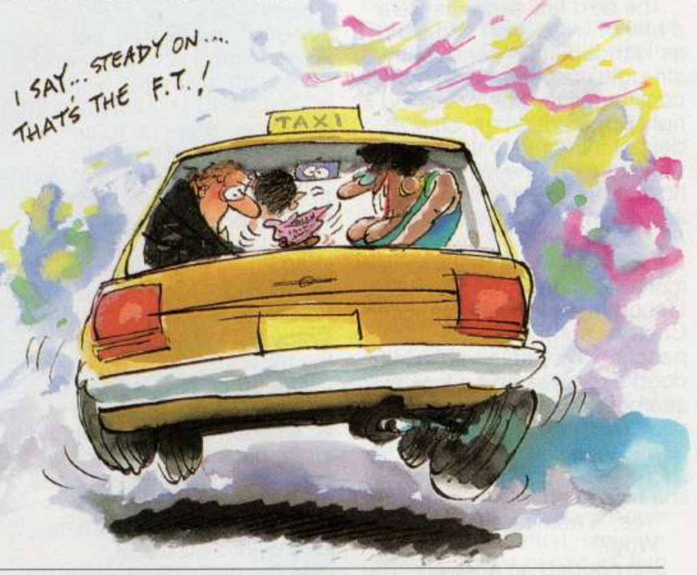
"What laundress?"

"The one who was putting your prick through the mangle back there. I know her quite well. She always wants newspapers, but she can't read," he laughed.

"She said I didn't want to do anything, but I did. But not in public."

"A man who wants to do it will do it anywhere," he told me. "Remember that." And he drove off with a wave and a burst of song before I could argue the point.

Ah! If only one wasn't an Englishman!/*Halter Warris.*


I SAY... STEADY ON....
THAT'S THE F.T.!
TAXI

CAPITALIST • CORNER

HOT BOTTOM MARKET

Who gives a flying fart about EMS? Dealers say the hot money is really on semen, flagellation and detergent. Is this a stain on the City's character?

COMMODITIES: February mint hardened on reports that French farmers are stopping British lorries and slaughtering bottles of mint sauce in the streets.

Meanwhile, the rarest commodity on the market this month has been sperm! The regular medical checks on dealers showed that none of them had any at all.

Panic ensued. The medical diagnosis was a mass case of aspermatozoa – a fancy name for having no sperm, which didn't help at all. The condition is not painful in any way. In fact, the only other symptom appears to be an irrational suspicion of pregnant wives.

The result of the panic showed more on the equity market, where millions of pounds were wiped off the value of computer shares on rumours that the cause was VDU screens irradiating dealers' testes.

Several deaths and many injuries occurred as computer screens rained down from the office towers around Threadneedle Street. It was then that the 'expert' computer systems came into their own. These machines, which can think like a human being, managed to throw their operators out before they got them.

City-based vasectomy clinics suffered sharp losses as it appeared so many city workers' businesses had already fallen off.

As so often with city panics, the 'Come Crisis' turned out to be nothing but a spawn in a teaspoon. Security officers swiftly found the missing sperm. New dealer Ms. Trixy Cooze (popularly known as Titsy Ooze) had it. She was found leaving the building with a carrier bag containing 28 pairs of soggy knickers, 23 lbs of coagulated Kleenex, and was carrying another 13 pints in her thigh-length PVC boots.

Ms. Cooze, who admits to having a Midas complex about sperm and just can't get enough of the stuff, was found to have cornered the market in the most thorough porn raid since Big Bang.

Basic wastes, the raw material for most common mopping up products rose 15 points on the news. But dealers were slow to take advantage of the rise, being slumped, completely shagged out, over their keyboards.

MONEY: Oddly, even for the City, the money market was strongly affected by the introduction of a new type of washing powder. *Bonker and Scramble's* new blue *Nazi* organic detergent is rumoured to work wonders on boxer shorts. Simply soak overnight and they're perfectly clean. It even gets the Deutsch Marks off!

'Ooohs' and 'Aaaahs' broke the usual hubbub of the money markets as dealers broke off to watch the Chancer of the Exchequer walking a tight rope towards

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continued from page 56

membership of the European Monetary Swindle (EMS).

In theory, high oil prices should help British inflation. Sterling, being a petro-currency, should be kept high by the increases, which bear down on inflation because imports are cheap and home industries are forced to keep wages and costs down to compete. The rest of Europe, on the other hand, will see rising inflation. When the two inflation rates are sort of the same – *bang!* – the Chancer jumps through the hoop into the EMS.

Trouble is, sterling is also kept high because the markets expect it to enter the EMS soon. So if inflation takes too long to match Europe, they'll dump it and the Chancer falls off his high-wire.

It's the greatest show in town. And like all the best shows, based on a complete fallacy, for it is quite clear to anyone not intent on making a quick profit that membership of EMS will turn sterling from a weak currency outside the system into a weak currency inside it.

HOT TIP: This month's hot tip is hot bottoms! The City has been rocked by leaks that a number of the most powerful company chairmen are members of a seedy, mail-order spanking club.

Said to have originated at Scotland Yard, the rumour is that British captains of industry are becoming interested in seeing pictures and videos of women having their bottoms smacked!

Shares plunged at the news.

Outsiders may wonder why the City makes a fuss about such silly matters, but the answer is quite simple. Such things reflect on the status and self-image of a chairman and thus gives an insight into the strength of his company.

From time immemorial, since the market started in the coffee houses of 18th century London, powerful, self-confident men – the nation's leaders – have had *their* bums beaten *by* women. The whack of cane on gnarled buttock has serenaded the rise of a great Empire. The reason, we are told, is that all-powerful men find it a great relief to be placed in the powerless position of a naughty boy and told what to do.

Those who like to spank *women's* behinds, on the other hand, are usually impotent, insignificant men with no power who are trying to boost their own deflated egos.

If British captains of industry feel like that, then the economy is going to get caught with its panties down!

Swoop squads were formed specifically to check the buttocks of chairmen's secretaries as they left work. The inspection was broadly reassuring. One blue chip multinational lost millions when Ms. Maisie Thripp (26) was found to have a very sore, reddened posterior, but calm was restored when it was revealed she had taken to riding a bicycle to work.

FRED'S TIP: As crisis follows energy crisis, one thing is clear: no sector of the market is safe – except for sex and bicycles. Look out for companies producing cycles with artificial vibrating vaginas, that's the best I can say. Look out for them – and invest in something else!/Fred Needle.

PANIC'S OVER!
SPERM DOWN
COME CRISIS
TESCO

M O N S T E R M I N D

ADVANCED GROPERISTS

There's a 33-year-old sherbert lemon under your dashboard? Your copy of the Highway Code refers to the rights of way for horses? Read on.

Smugnuss Smugnusson: And our next contestant is a great national figure. *Monstermind* is proud to welcome Mr. Obdurate Felte-Hatt! Although the name may be new to you, he is easily recognised from the back as that stubborn old bastard with his hat pulled down over his eyes who insists on zigzagging his clapped out Skoda down the middle of the only bit of dual carriageway between Llangollen and Bala at 15mph.

It may not be so well-known that Mr. Hatt is president of one of this country's most influential motoring organisations, which is:

Mr. Felte-Hatt: The Institution of Advanced Sunday Motorists – better known by the acronym ASTRA.

Smugnuss*:* Excuse my stupidity, but ASTRA is not an acronym for the Institution, that would be tiasm.

Mr. Hatt: Well, maybe. But it sums it up. Think of the bloke who drives a Vauxhall Astra and it tells you straight off what Sunday motoring is all about.

Smugnuss*:* I see. Well, Mr. Hatt, you scored nothing in our General Knowledge section, as you were unfortunately delayed due to starting a traffic jam on the M25. But we wish you luck in your specialist subject which is?

Mr. Hatt: The joys of motoring.

Smugnuss*:* Correct. Mr. Hatt, you have one minute to answer questions on your chosen subject starting . . . NOW!

Q: What, on a motorway, is the outside lane intended for?

A: It's the fast lane. Anyone going fast – that is over 20mph – must, by law, travel in that lane.

Q: Wrong.

A: Hang on, I've not finished yet. You go too fast, young man. A steady 15mph and you get there just as quick in the end, I always say. I was going to add that the moment your speed drops under 20mph you must, by law, veer instantly across into the slow lane. Not the middle lane. The middle lane is for sitting in at a steady 15, getting there just as quickly in the end.

Q: Wrong! The outside lane is for overtaking only. What does 'to overtake' mean?

A: Pass.

Q: Correct.

A: It is not correct! Overtaking is simply wrong! It is to prevent it that the Institution exists. Our motto, roughly translated, means: They Shall Not Pass.

Q: What is this motto?

A: Per Ardua Ad Astra.

Q: Correct. Which means, literally?

A: "It's perishing 'ard to pass an Advanced Sunday Driver in an Astra."

Q: Correct. Why are members of the Institution of Advanced Sunday Drivers required to wear a felt hat pushed right down over their eyes when puttering up the middle of the road leading a seething five miles of traffic?

A: Safety.

Q: Correct. Why does this promote safety?

A: It's far safer if the irate speed-merchant behind cannot see you in your mirror, pissing yourself laughing.

I SAID.... NEXT CONTESTANT PLEAS
... MOVE OVER YOU STUPID GIT!
WHEN I'M READY YOUNG MAN
GERROFF!

Q: Correct. So it is not that you are a stupid incompetent with no grasp of the effect your idiotic behaviour has on others; you are snarling up the traffic deliberately?

A: This is indeed the purpose for which the Institution was formed.

Q: Correct. Why are you doing this?

A: It's the accidents, you see.

Q: Correct. You hope, by slowing up the traffic, to prevent accidents?

A: Oh no! The membership likes accidents.

Q: What?

A: It's one of the joys of motoring, isn't it? Nothing we like better than to find a good accident and slow the traffic down to 5mph as we drive past looking at the flashing blue lights and the people sitting around on the ground holding their heads. It brings out the best in us. Makes us feel sympathetic, makes us want to help others and, in my opinion, makes us recognise our own mortality, bringing us closer to our fellow man.

Q: You mean, you deliberately cause accidents?

A: How dare you! We are careful drivers. It is the impatience of the others that causes accidents. But it is very satisfying the way a good accident on the approach to Glasgow can slow the traffic so much it causes a jam in Leeds.

Q: Surely slowing down to rubberneck at accidents is dangerous? Someone might drive into the back of you.

A: Certainly. In this way we ensure our members never go short of their favourite family viewing.

Q: Wrong, wrong, wrong! I am shocked and disgusted! Accidents a joy of motoring, indeed! What are the other joys, for heaven's sake?

A: Traffic jams. Our members love to pack a three-day picnic, a tent, a folding aluminium three-piece suite and some good books and cruise around looking for jams to get stuck in.

Q: Correct. You like jams ?

A: Indeed. I am lucky enough to hold the record. 32 hours, stuck outside Zeals on the A303, in which time I read almost all of **Whore and Piece** ***by Leo Tallstory and completed the*** **Sun** ***quick crossword.***

Q: Correct. What was the cause of this jam?

A: Some fool in an Astra jack-knifed his caravan across the road and simply sat in his car reading, would you believe?

Q: I would indeed! What is the most important skill required of an Advanced Sunday Motorist?

A: Pulling out, I'd say. There's a lot of artistry required. You must pull out at the right time, in the right circumstances and in the correct manner.

Q: Correct. What would be the

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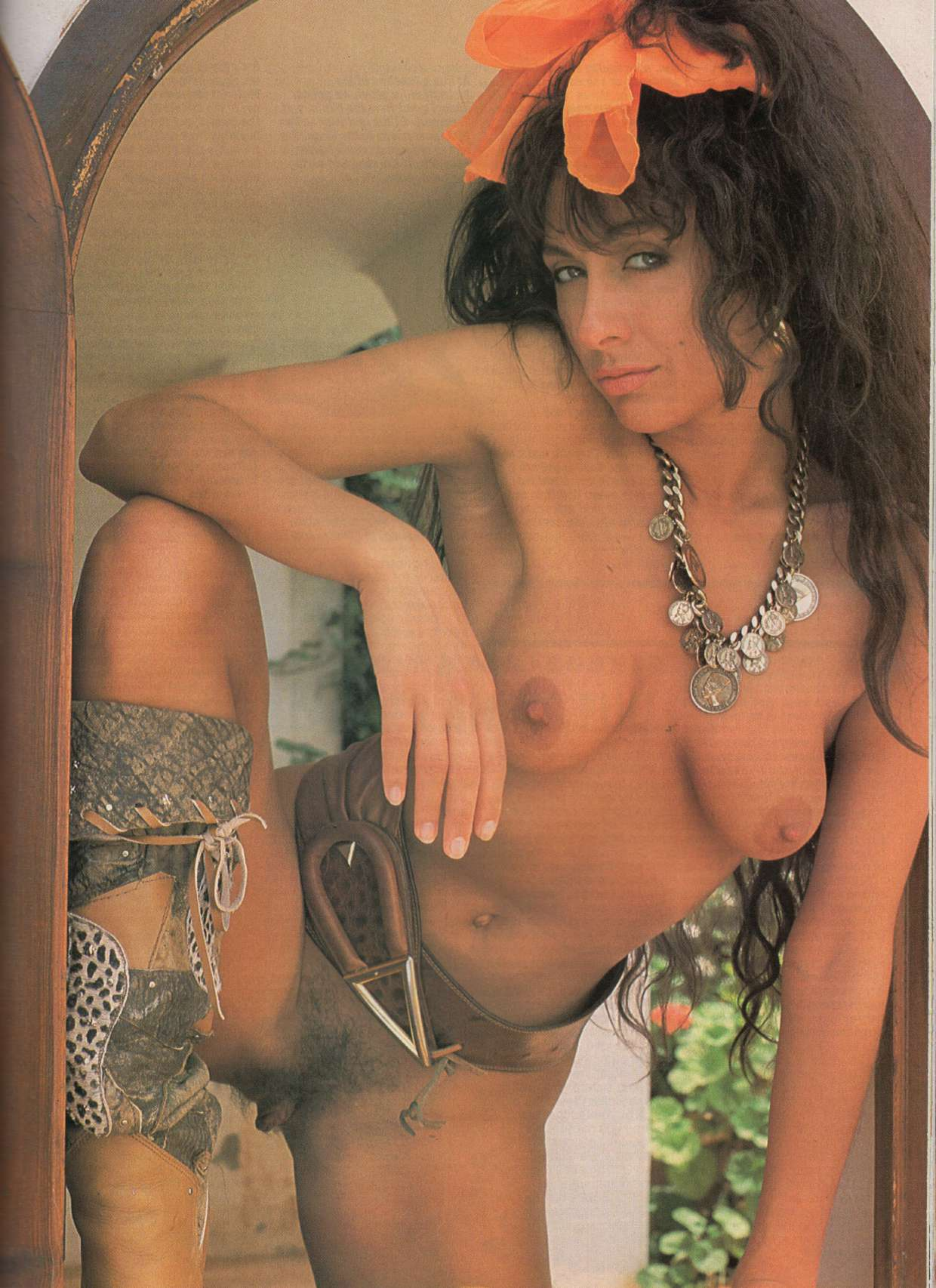
Gaynor

photographs by nick gurgul

great news! National Heritage (or whatever they call themselves) have finally done something useful - they've slapped a preservation order on one of the truly valuable national monuments - Gaynor's wonderful bum! (Of course she slapped them straight back, but it must have been worth it). About time too! These are the silky, resilient but gently undulating spheroids that symbolise what Britain is all about. I give you Gaynor's bottom - God bless it!



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most perfect situation?

A: Pulling out to overtake a truck going at 29.98mph in a situation which makes it impossible for you to exceed 30mph.

Q: What situation?

A: A busy motorway on Bank Holiday Friday, for example. There must be lots of caravans, boat trailers and so on in the slow lane, see. Lots of traffic coming up the middle lane and a bunch of maniacs screaming up the fast lane in their Porsches and Rolls Royces, damn them. Of course, in such a situation you must have your wits about you.

Q: Correct. How should you time the manoeuvre?

A: Well, first you indicate you're going to pull out until some bloke in the middle lane slows to let you. Then you don't, until the whole middle lane is bunched up for miles behind. Then, just when he thinks you're not going to, you do.

Q: Correct. What then?

A: Then you tut-tut at the flashing lights, rude signs and horn-blowing and, pulling your hat down over your eyes, you crawl past as slowly as you can, unwrapping and eating a sandwich as you do so.

Q: Correct. What then?

A: Well, all the cars trapped in the middle lane will try and escape into the fast lane which, with all those snobs bombing down it at 90, means that 50 miles back some Porsche is going to go straight into the back of a Bentley Continental. Doing this just after the Fleet Services on the M3 I had a judge run into the back of Arthur Scargill just coming off the M25. That was a record.

Q: Correct. But how can you know? What pleasure can causing imaginary accidents way behind you possibly produce?

A: Of course, we know! What do you think those helicopters hovering over the motorways do?

Q: I suppose they are police or traffic report machines.

A: Nonsense! They are Institution of Advanced Sunday Drivers helicopters in which trained observers award points to our members for skill and deportment in causing absolute confusion.

Q: But why? What is the purpose of it all?

A: It is a function of the Institution for which we get our annual grant from the Ministry of Transport. £12bn last year and an OBE for services to the state. Our aim is to force as much traffic as possible off the road and on to the hard shoulder!

Q: Correct. What motoring . . . I've started, so I'll finish . . . what motoring manoeuvre is considered the highest test of skill by Institution members, so much so that it carries a huge tariff of 22 in the points table?

A: Overheating, of course. And it's a joy to watch the speed with which an Advanced Sunday Motorist can stop a steaming car in the middle of the road, lift the bonnet, get the water bubbling from radiator to tea-pot while it's still boiling and be having a refreshing cuppa in his aluminium folding chair, watching the accidents, as foolish drivers attempt to get by.

Q: Correct. Mr. Hatt, you have scored 20 points. You didn't pass at all . . .

Mr. Felte-Hatt: Of course I didn't. There is no cause for passing. A steady 15mph and you get there just as quickly in the end, I always say.

Smugnuss: That's palpable nonsense! How can a steady 15mph get you somewhere as quickly as other motorists?

Mr. Felte-Hatt: Well, it gets you there as quickly as the poor buggers stuck behind your wandering caravan as you do your steady 15mph. Quicker, if you pull the rip cord and let eight suitcases stuffed with concrete blocks fall off the roof-rack.

Smugnuss: Correct. Can we have the next contestant, please – quick or I'll do for him . . ./*Tym Manley.*

WORLD • OF • NOOKIE

MERRY FESTIVE MINGE

Keep your Mutant Turtles, your Scalextrix, your Hornby OO gauge; a shaven pussy is *definitely* the best thing to find in your Xmas stocking!

Ever since Doreen Marchmont gave me herself for Christmas (yes, that Doreen Marchmont, she of the buck teeth and the curly hair and the breasts like the R-100 and the R-101, nudging their way side-by-side out of the airship sheds at Cardington) I have been hugely discontented with most of my Christmas presents.

Admitted – Doreen was no oil painting, unless you were thinking of The Fighting Temeraire. But I was only 17, and she was a generous and good-hearted sort, not to mention a steaming nymphomaniac, and she lived conveniently next door, in a laurel-hedged house which her father (a whimsical urologist) had named The Tinkles.

She telephoned me on Christmas Eve when her parents were out, and when I went round to see her, there she was, completely nude, except for a huge red bow in her hair, a cotton wool Santa Claus beard, and a pair of pink fluffy slippers. It looked as if Captain Bird's Eye had climbed inside The Fly's matter-transporter with Maria Whittaker and the two had become inextricably intertwangled.

Ah, Doreen, Doreen. She's a tomato-sexer now, in Ilford, married to a monosyllabic lout with earrings and tattoos saying *Norman Tebbitt For King* and a head like Asda's weekend bargain joint. But as one Christmas followed another, I began to look back on her (misty-eyed) as one of the best presents I ever had.

Because what did I get, with each succeeding Christmas? I was given a digital watch that not only tells you the time in every city in the world, but also the bus time-tables and the legal age of sexual consent. (In Otihanda, New Guinea, for example, you can make love to any girl over 15 provided you first make love to her great-grandmother, her grandmother, her mother and her 19 fat sisters, give her father a Rolex President, and sign a guarantee that any children you might accidentally conceive will be educated at Haileybury.)

Two Christmases ago I was given an antique-style terrestrial glove which opens up to reveal a complete grooming centre for men, including a small electric Strimmer for cutting the hairs up your hooter – presumably for the executive who wants to look down superciliously at his inferiors without any qualms that they might be thinking: "Cor, look at that, he's got Epping Forest up his nose."

I was also given a complete set of painstakingly-crafted miniature models of Great Invalid Carriages of the World, with complimentary rosewood display cabinet. I was given a pocket-sized machine called the Hali-Alert, which makes a siren noise if your breath smells; a Cigar-Crackle Amplifier, a kind of deaf-aid for those wishing to check the freshness of their cigars at 850 decibels; and enough shoe-cleaning outfits, pens, travelling wardrobes and olde-style shaving kits to open my own mail-order company.

I had no expectation of receiving anything more inspiring when I drove down to Bath last Christmas to visit Belinda and her family. Belinda was a very traditional gel, and to tell you the truth, I had very little hope of making a dishonest woman out of her. I had met her during the summer at the horse-jumping at Hickstead. I hadn't gone for

GOOD KING WENCESLAS LOOKED OUT!
PARP

the horses, since I dislike 80 per cent of all horses intensely. The middles are all right, but I can't stand the ends.

I had gone, in fact, to pursue my interest in Olivia, an equestrienne goddess whose bosom walloped up and down when she rode like two bursting laundry bags, and whose jodhpurs clung so tightly to her pudenda that she might just as well have sprayed herself with twill-coloured paint.

It wasn't a good day. Apart from all the horsey women and the haw-hawing chaps, I had an argument with Olivia about her sagging old hack. She said that she had entered it for the horse trials and I suggested it plead guilty.

I was about to leave when I saw Belinda. Her little yellow Triumph sports car was stuck in a car park, spraying out showers of manure every time she tried to dislodge it. She was small and extremely well-developed, even in her hacking jacket and her white polo-necked sweater. She had a brushed-back mane of brunette hair, and was quite unnervingly pretty, with eyes the colour of Bournville chocolate, and the kind of curved, half-open mouth that looked as if it had just fellated, or was just about to fellate, or was certainly *considering* the possibility of fellating in the future, no matter how remote that future may be. Better fellate than never, as they say at Benenden.

In the true spirit of the Knoxes, I went across and asked if she needed assistance. I could see by the melting look in her eyes that she would be eternally grateful.

I then beckoned a passing member of the haw-haw brigade to push the back of the car while I stood at the side and rocked it. The upshot was upshit. The houndstooth chappie got plastered from cap to wellies, while the Triumph slithered free, and yours truly collected all the compliments. After this, I met Belinda four or five times for intimate dinners, but as Christmas approached I was beginning to think that I was wearing out my Diner's Club card to no carnal purpose. Her mouth remained in the about-to-fellate position, but never actually came close to fellating.

Her parents owned a huge Bath-stone mansion in which you needed to drop breadcrumbs along the corridors in order to find your way back to your bedroom. When I arrived on Christmas Eve, the house was festively decorated with holly and ribbons, and through the drawing-room window I could see a huge Christmas tree beside a ferocious log fire.

I came bearing a bottle of good brandy for Pater, a box of handmade choccies for Mater, and pair of sheer silk pyjamas for Belinda. She might try them on for me, I thought, rather forlornly.

She looked decidedly scrumptious when she opened the door. She wore red corduroy shorts and a Fair Isle sweater that snuggled her breasts like two overfed Persian cats in a fluffy blanket. She kissed my cheek with those tantalising lips and invited me in.

"Ssh," she cautioned me. "Pater's snoozing."

"And Mater?"

"Mater's got her facepack on. If you didn't enjoy *The Return of the Living Dead,* then, believe me, you don't want to see Mater."

We peeked in to the drawing-room, and there was her rotund father, alternately snoring and farting with a copy of *Horse & Hound* tented over his head. In the time we watched him he released enough methane to make a mile-wide hole in the ozone layer.

Belinda went up to him and gently shook him, so that the magazine slipped off his head. "Pater, this is Ed Knox."

Pater stared at me with a beady bloodshot eye. "Not another skirt-sniffer," he snorted, and blew off a fair attempt at Jeremiah Clarke's *Trumpet Voluntary.*

"I've got you a present," Belinda told me. She went over to the tree, and took down a small gold-wrapped box. She handed it to me and said: "Go on, open it."

Dutifully, I did. Ho-hum. It was a razor. I kissed her forehead and told her how delighted I was.

"No, no," she said. "That's not the *present.* Follow me."

She took hold of my hand and led me up a staircase that Scarlett O'Hara would have been proud to tumble down with her legs in the air and her frilly knickers showing. Then through to her pink-decorated bedroom, and her own bathroom. She locked the bathroom door behind us and giggled. "This is the *present,*" she said. Without hesitation, she unfastened her corduroy shorts and kicked them off, so that she was standing in the middle of the bathroom wearing nothing but her Fair Isle sweater and a tiny white G-string.

She sat down on the bathroom chair, and parted her thighs. Then she tugged open her G-string at the front, revealing a dark tangle of shiny hair. "I want you to shave me," she said, her eyes more chocolatey than ever. "That's your present. That's what the razor's for."

"We haven't even . . ." I reminded her. By the Mile-Wide Minge of St. Mehitabel, what a gentleman I am.

But all she said was: "Ssh! We will. That's going to be my present to myself."

I knelt down on the carpet in front of her, and pulled down her G-string. The elastic clung for a second between the taut round cheeks of her bottom, but then snapped free. I took a small pair of scissors from the decorative basket beside the washbasin. Then I gently tugged her pubic hair between my first and second fingers,

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QUESTION • MARK • CORNER

BLADDER SHE IS FULL

30 mind-expanding philosophical points of order for those of us who have far too much time on our hands to think straight.

30. Is there life before death?
29. When Chinese take-aways are so cheap and plentiful, why do bluebottles eat cow crap?
28. Where do ice-cream vans go to in the winter?
27. Do hippopotamuses wake up wondering what day it is?
26. If lead's so bad for you, why do people lick the end of pencils?
25. How come you urinate 16 times as much as you drink?
24. Do most people hate politicians because they were kissed by one as a baby?
23. What's the point of making socks that end halfway to your knees?
22. How come people never remember the difference between slander and libel?
21. Do your mum and dad still do it?
20. Why is Melvyn Bragg famous?
19. What would have happened if Adam had been homosexual?
18. Why does everyone hate Volvo drivers?
17. Why don't pubic hairs grow straight? Or any longer?
16. Where did God get planning permission?
15. Why are your best clothes always the most uncomfortable?
14. Why are odd numbers always on the right-hand side of the page?
13. If man's supposed to be the most intelligent animal on Earth, how come we're the only ones who dance?
12. If reincarnation really happens, what kind of fool chooses to come back as a lobster?
11. Why do women cry when they're happy?
10. If bank managers are so worried about the security of their banks, how come they chain them up to cheap little biros?
9. How come there are no academy awards ceremonies for plumbers?
8. Do rabbits always remember their first time?
7. Who keeps filing away Jeffrey Archer library books in the W-Z section?
6. Why doesn't the Psychic Society publish a newspaper of tomorrow's news?
5. How come, no matter how neat and well groomed you are when you go to bed, you always wake up looking like a magpie's nest?
4. How come your taste buds never turn into flowers?
3. Did Jesus ever get lucky?
2. If attack is the best form of defence, how come West Ham keep getting beaten?
1. How is the world improved by warts?

PONG HO CHINESE SUPERMARKET
'ERE.. FANCY A CHINESE ?

MY CONFESSION

We all have sexy secrets and erotic fantasies although few of us are fortunate enough to be able to put them into practice. *'My Confession'* is for those impulsive and audacious readers who have dared to do it for real . . .

Ever since I'd found those photos of Harry and that little blonde slut of a secretary, I'd been plotting my revenge, and half an hour ago vengeance had been mine. The entire restaurant had gasped in amazement as I tipped a complete spaghetti carbonara on to the dirty rat's head and stormed out. It had been a great moment, really satisfying. What an effort I'd made to look good for the part, dressing up in my finest clothes, a vision in white, my high heels giving me even greater confidence as, in front of everybody, I screamed out all my anger and rage at my scheming bastard of a boyfriend. It was a humiliation that he wouldn't forget in a hurry!

That was why I'd driven to the restaurant myself rather than have Harry take me. My trusty old Austin 7 was hardy enough to get me where I wanted, which, right then, was as far away from Harry as possible. The low-down son of a bitch! How could he? Fucking and sucking in *my* bed! I should have been woman enough for him but, no, he had to conquer even more pussy. Well, I knew what he was missing – even if he didn't.

He was missing a woman who could take any man to heaven and back; he was losing the softest, sweetest pussy south of London; he was discarding a body that was made for sex and lots of it – all for the sake of one afternoon's slap and tickle.

While I drove I tried to work out my next move. The obvious thing was to get back to my flat and throw out everything and anything that reminded me of Harry. However, I had another feeling, an even more urgent feeling, a feeling that I simply couldn't ignore.

I wanted to get laid, pure and simple. I wanted to find a man – any man and fuck his goddamn mind to jelly. I suppose what I wanted to prove was that my sexuality was still as perfect as ever.

The night was dark as I drove through the suburbs towards home. I was doing a slow 30, thinking to myself just where in hell did all the men around here go at nights? The streets were totally deserted, not a soul in sight. Except . . .There, standing at a bus stop; a tall, thick set youth wearing a leather jacket and jeans.

I slowed the car as I passed him, getting a good look at him. He was handsome; not in the classical way, but in a rough, sullen manner. I glanced at his hands – long fingers, always a good sign. He'd do. He'd do very nicely. I just prayed that he wasn't gay.

I stopped the car and reversed back to the bus stop. Before I leaned over, I slid the hem of my skirt up my thigh, so that he'd see the very beginnings of my white silk stockingtops and sussies. A bit trampy, yes, but did I give a damn? Hell no!

"Need a lift?" I asked.

The youth seemed a bit startled to see me there. Some seconds went by while he took in the sight of me leaning towards him, looking like a proper vision in white. He blinked at me as I asked him where he was heading. He mumbled the name of a place. It was miles out of my way.

"That's where I'm going!" I said brightly. "Let me take you, it'll be my good deed for today."

He shrugged. "Might as well," he said. "Ain't been a bus in an hour."

I opened the door, bending low as I did so and giving him a marvellous view down the front of my dress into the deep shadow of my cleavage. He

settled himself beside me and we drove off.

I was going to have to make the first move, so I started in right away with the small-talk. Grant – that was his name – wasn't really the chatty type, but I managed to discover that he'd just been to see his 'bird', as he so nicely put it. With feminine intuition, I guessed that things hadn't gone too well for Grant that evening; perhaps his 'bird' hadn't been as friendly as he'd have liked. Hmm, I thought. If he was frustrated, here was one lady who would be more than happy to soothe his tension.

The only problem was: how to get him to realise that he was on to something good without my being too obvious about it. The further we drove, the more tense I became, glancing across at this boy and taking in all the vital details: the broad shoulders, the powerful thighs, the bulge in the front of his jeans which promised so much. Was he sneaking similar glances at me? God, I hoped so! I decided to hasten things along. Glancing at my passenger, I saw him staring out of the window. He wasn't looking at me as I quickly reached down and tugged the hem of my skirt even higher, almost to the tops of my thighs. Now there could be no way that he couldn't see my creamy thighs covered by the smooth sheen of silk. If he didn't notice, then there had to be something wrong with him!

"Are we going the right way?" I asked innocently.

Grant turned his head to look at me and I saw his eyes as he found himself staring at my brazen display. He did a sharp intake of breath. No way could he *not* read the signs!

"I think things are going fine for now," he nodded, his eyes fixed upon the tops of my legs. I lit a cigarette and smiled. I had him where I wanted him now.

I took my eyes from him for a second as I wound down the window a little and flicked out my ash. In that second, Grant obviously made a decision that no way was he going to ignore such a blatant come-on.

I squealed as I felt his head fall into my lap, his face plunging between my slightly-spread thighs, his lips planting hot kisses upon the bare portion of white skin, making me shiver with delight. His hands caressed my soft flesh as he dragged his moist tongue towards my crotch.

Instinctively, I spread my legs a little more, enabling Grant to press his face hard into my knicker-covered groin. Hot, urgent kisses all over my stretched-tight panties until the material felt damp – whether from his kisses or my excitement, I couldn't tell. Grant's hands slid under my bum and hoisted me clear off the seat as, at the same time, his eager teeth dragged aside my dripping panties, exposing my pink slit, already wet and juicy with the evidence of my lust.

I gripped the wheel tight, a sigh of pleasure escaping my lips as I felt Grant's long tongue flick against the slick folds of my quim. He knew exactly what a woman enjoyed; licking my pussy hard, sliding between my warm furrow and rasping his tongue over the hard nub of my clit, making my head swim with delight, making me giddy and certainly making it hard to drive.

With difficulty, I pulled over to the side of the road. Grant looked up at me, his head resting on my thighs.

"Something wrong, is there?" he asked.

I shook my head. "Nothing wrong at all," I replied. "Only the danger of crashing this thing." I looked out of the window. We were parked in a quiet street, no one around. "In the back!" I whispered. "Hurry!"

It was hardly elegant, the way we clambered over the seats into the rear, but I couldn't care less. We fell on to the leather covers together, Grant seizing me almost roughly, a hand sliding up my thighs and back into my knickers, a thumb rhythmically caressing my, by-now, aching clit furiously.

"Stop!" I groaned. "Take it easy!" I pushed him back against the door. "No need to rush," I breathed. "Take your time and make it twice as good."

Grant watched, breathing hard as I unbuttoned my dress and pulled it open. He feasted his eyes upon my ripe boobs, nestled snugly in my white lacy half-bra.

"Take it off!" he gasped.

I obeyed as fast as I could.

Grant licked his lips. "Those tits are just begging to be sucked," he grinned.

"Yes!" I groaned, cupping my knockers in my palms and offering them to his eager mouth. "Yes!" I moaned, as his lips closed around first one then the other rigid stalk; sucking hard, nipping them with his teeth until I shuddered at the sheer pleasure of it all.

He leaned back, shucking off his leather jacket. Taking his cue, I removed my dress and began to unfasten my suspenders.

"No," urged Grant. "Leave them on!"

I nodded OK, sliding my panties down my thighs and off over my ankles, making sure that I kept on my heels. Grant had peeled off his T-shirt and was just about to unzip his jeans.

"I'm doing that!" I told him firmly. He grinned and lay back, allowing me to complete the job.

The zipper crackled as I slid it down, popping the button and parting the rough denim.

I wasn't disappointed. That promising bulge certainly delivered! Stiff, rearing from his fly like a poker, a good eight inches of solid manhood – just what I needed! I held it tight in my quivering fingers, feeling it throb and pulse to my touch. Then I leaned forward and captured the swollen head between my scarlet lips, drawing it deeper into my mouth, nibbling the soft, yielding bulb with my teeth. He moaned and arched his back, forcing more of his rigid meat into my mouth.

I took him eagerly, sucking hard on that pole, one hand clutching his inflated balls as I slid my lips and tongue around him until his cock was shiny and glistened with my saliva. Grant's head was thrown back in ecstasy, his eyes closed tight as he savoured the pleasure.

I relinquished my grip, letting him fall from my lips so that his dick smacked back against his belly. I rubbed him slowly with the palm of one hand as, with the other, I eased off his jeans.

"Ever fucked in a car?" I smiled. He shook his head. I nodded. "Me neither," I said.

"Guess there's a first time for everything, huh?" he replied.

Grant's cock felt massive as I took it in my fist, rubbing it up against my clit as I shimmied up his thighs. The head was tight against my pussy lips and I lowered myself on to his hardness, gasping as his dick inched past my gates; an inch at first, then two, three, four, until I wasn't counting any more, just sighing with delight as that thick tool filled my cunt completely.

Grant sighed blissfully, his earlier inhibitions gone. "Jesus!" he grimaced. "You're so fucking tight, girl – feels like you're choking my dick to death!"

"Mmmm," I sighed as I began to move slowly against his groin. "Does it feel good?"

"You fuckin' bet it does!" came his retort. "Never felt anything like it!"

See, Harry, I thought happily to myself. See what you're missing? You got it, schmuck – the tightest, juiciest pussy you'll *ever* find!

And a pussy that was simply loving the feel of Grant's huge weapon as I writhed and squirmed, hooked on that pleasure-pole, my hand occasionally slipping down to rub lazily across my enflamed clitty as his wet prick slid easily in and out of my steamy honeypot.

This was just how I loved it – nice and slow to start with . . . relish the wickedness, the lust, the sheer fucking delight!

I leaned forward, offering my swelling tits to Grant's mouth again. He was only too pleased to grasp my jugs in his hands and squeeze my bursting nipples hard until I squealed with ecstasy as I started to feel the initial waves of a climax radiate out from my cunt – a slow, burning, tingling sensation that spread throughout my body till it felt as if every nerve was on fire and my head went giddy, eyes shut tight as I threw back my head in a silent scream of utter delight: coming, coming so hard that I thought it'd never stop, muscles locked rigid as one orgasm after another jolted through me with an intensity I'd never known before.

Grant was still fucking me, even harder than ever, pushing me back so that my bum was flat on the seat, my legs up around his neck as he rammed it into me like a beast. I loved it!

"Yes!" I spat in his face. "Yes! Fuck me hard! Let me see it! Let me see your spunk!"

I reckon that might have been too much for him. With a scream of ecstasy, he pulled his dripping cock from me and let it go, coming over my belly and my tits, jet upon jet of hot, white cream, layering my skin until he had nothing left; drained, satisfied – just like me.

It was the first time I'd ever picked up a fella in that way, but it sure wasn't going to be the last.

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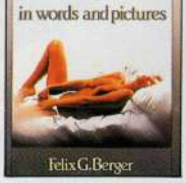

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continued from page 65

tugging out the lips of her vulva at the same time, and proceeded to cut. Her hair made a satisfying crunching noise as I cut it, and the chair-seat was sprinkled with dark fluff.

When I had cut her hair as short as I could, I filled the basin with a little warm water, and lathered her vulva with soap, around and around. She laid her hands on my shoulders and closed her eyes a moment, relishing the slippery massage between her legs with sighs of excitement.

Now – as she watched me – I stretched her lips apart, and carefully shaved her vulva until it was smooth and pink and totally bare. There was no sound in the bathroom apart from her suppressed panting and the dripping of the tap and the faint skrittch-skrittch of the razor.

As I shaved her deep in the cleft of her bottom, I slid my finger into her vagina and gently pushed out her lips, to make sure that I could remove every single hair. She was hot, wet and very, very slippery.

At last she stood up and admired her pubeless pussy in the bathroom mirror. I stood behind her and reached around her with both hands, and parted her vulva wide, circling my fingertip around her clitoris.

She turned around, and kissed me. She opened up my zip, and took out my stiff and glistening cock, and showed me that the promise in her slightly-parted lips had not been an empty one. She had a sucking and licking technique that made Vax seem feeble by comparison.

Then she lay back on the bathroom carpet and opened up that newly-shaved vagina for me. It felt like fucking the mouth of an angel. I thrust, she wept. Then sperm jiggled all over her pink velvety lips, and we both lay back, panting.

"You know what," I said, "that's the best Christmas present I've ever had. But why keep me waiting so long?"

She frowned at me as if I were unbalanced. "I had to introduce you to Pater first, of course."

She dressed, I reassembled my trousers, and we went downstairs. Pater was asleep again, but she took me back to the Christmas tree, and said: "I've got one more present for you," and handed me a green-wrapped box. I opened it. It was a handcrafted replica of a Bath chair, first in the series of Great Invalid Carriages of the World.

"How nice," I said. But who was I to complain? My Christmas had already been brightened up – even if it was by the closest of shaves./*Ed Knox.*

QUIZZLE

HYPOTENUSUAL

A reely difakult test fur skoolkidz hoo carnt fink about nuffink eksept bonkingg, noze pikking and Hegel's feory of the dialectic. 'Nuff said?

1. *In the context of your school, would you say the three R's stood for:*
- **a)** Ruffians, rioting and rebellion?
- **b)** Rhymes, red ink and rude noises?
- **c)** Rissoles, rice pudding and regurgitation?
- **d)** Randiness, rogering and rubberwear?
- **e)** Rhubarb, rhubarb, rhubarb?

2. *It's the first day of a new term, and you've arrived early to get a back seat. You're just evacuating the contents of your satchel when you suddenly remember you brought absolutely nothing to carve up your desk lid with. Do you:*
- **a)** Rush home for your propelling pencil and pneumatic drill set?
- **b)** Hire Abrahams Major's circumcision knife?
- **c)** Borrow one of the Art Master's false fingernails?
- **d)** Look round for a first former with a pointed head?
- **e)** Nick a hammer and chisel from the school canteen?

3. *It's Geography, and the teacher is lecturing your class on the formation of high-pressure systems in the horse latitudes off south-west Morocco. You become so excited by it all, you suddenly lose control and break wind. Do you:*
- **a)** Snigger?
- **b)** Look round accusingly at Umber-Brown Minor?
- **c)** Think this is an entirely reasonable comment under the circumstances?
- **d)** Rise slightly off your chair?
- **e)** Feel this could enhance your academic prospects enormously, because, as they say, flatulence will get you anywhere?

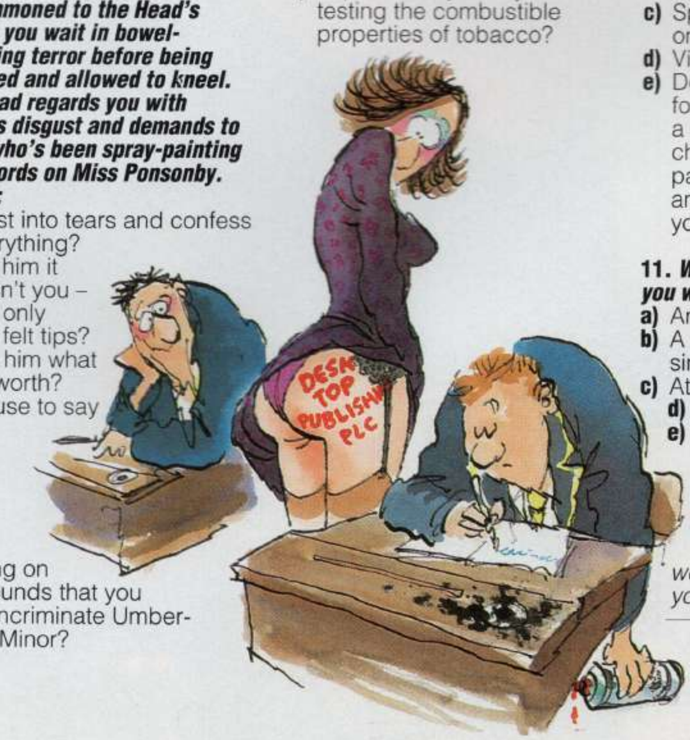
4. *To find the square on the hypotenuse, would you:*
- **a)** Multiply half the base by the height, divide by pi, and take away the number you first thought of?
- **b)** Scratch your head, suck your pen, and look at the answers in the back of the book?
- **c)** Hunt round in all that rubbish at the bottom of your wardrobe?
- **d)** Hire a private detective?
- **e)** Hang around the station in the hope that it'll show up sooner or later?

5. *Summoned to the Head's office, you wait in bowel-trembling terror before being admitted and allowed to kneel. The Head regards you with envious disgust and demands to know who's been spray-painting rude words on Miss Ponsonby. Do you:*
- **a)** Burst into tears and confess everything?
- **b)** Tell him it wasn't you – you only use felt tips?
- **c)** Ask him what it's worth?
- **d)** Refuse to say anything on the grounds that you might incriminate Umber-Brown Minor?
- **e)** Tactfully point out that you left school five years ago?

6. *Did your school uniform consist of:*
- **a)** Knuckledusters and a gumshield?
- **b)** Sandals and a toga?
- **c)** Pigtails and a singlet?
- **d)** Leg-irons and a strait-jacket?
- **e)** Whatever happened to be on your neighbour's washing-line at the time?

7. *Barely able to contain his mirth, the Deputy Head informs you that, as the Art Master has eloped with Umber-Brown Minor, tomorrow's double-art lesson has been cancelled and you've got cross-country practice instead. Do you bring:*
- **a)** A pair of pumps?
- **b)** A pair of roller skates?
- **c)** A note from your psychiatrist?
- **d)** A respirator?
- **e)** Your dinner up?

8. *The Science Master catches you smoking behind the bike sheds. Do you:*
- **a)** Explain that you're just testing the combustible properties of tobacco?
- **b)** Tell him you're keeping it warm until Umber-Brown Minor gets back?
- **c)** Say: "Crikey!"?
- **d)** Offer to give him one?
- **e)** Offer to give him a cigarette?



9. *The end of school bell rings. Lingering for 0.0003 of a second to replace the cap on your pen, you race out for the bus home. To your dismay, you're late: all the seats are full and there's just nowhere to stick your chewing gum. Do you:*
- **a)** Break the habit of a lifetime and dispose of it responsibly?
- **b)** Wrap it in a first former until morning?
- **c)** Write to your local MP demanding adequate chewing-gum-sticking space on public transport?
- **d)** Stamp and tut severely?
- **e)** Commit hara-kiri on your compasses?

10. *If you had a free period, would you:*
- **a)** Play football?
- **b)** Drill another hole in the wall of the girls' changing-room?
- **c)** Spray-paint rude words on Miss Ponsonby?
- **d)** Visit the chemist?
- **e)** Do the lines you were given for playing football, drilling a hole in the girls' changing-room, spray-painting Miss Ponsonby and visiting the chemist in your last free period?

11. *When you were at school did you want to be:*
- **a)** An engine driver?
- **b)** A professional carol singer?
- **c)** At home?
- **d)** Invisible?
- **e)** Abel too spel rite?

How did you score?

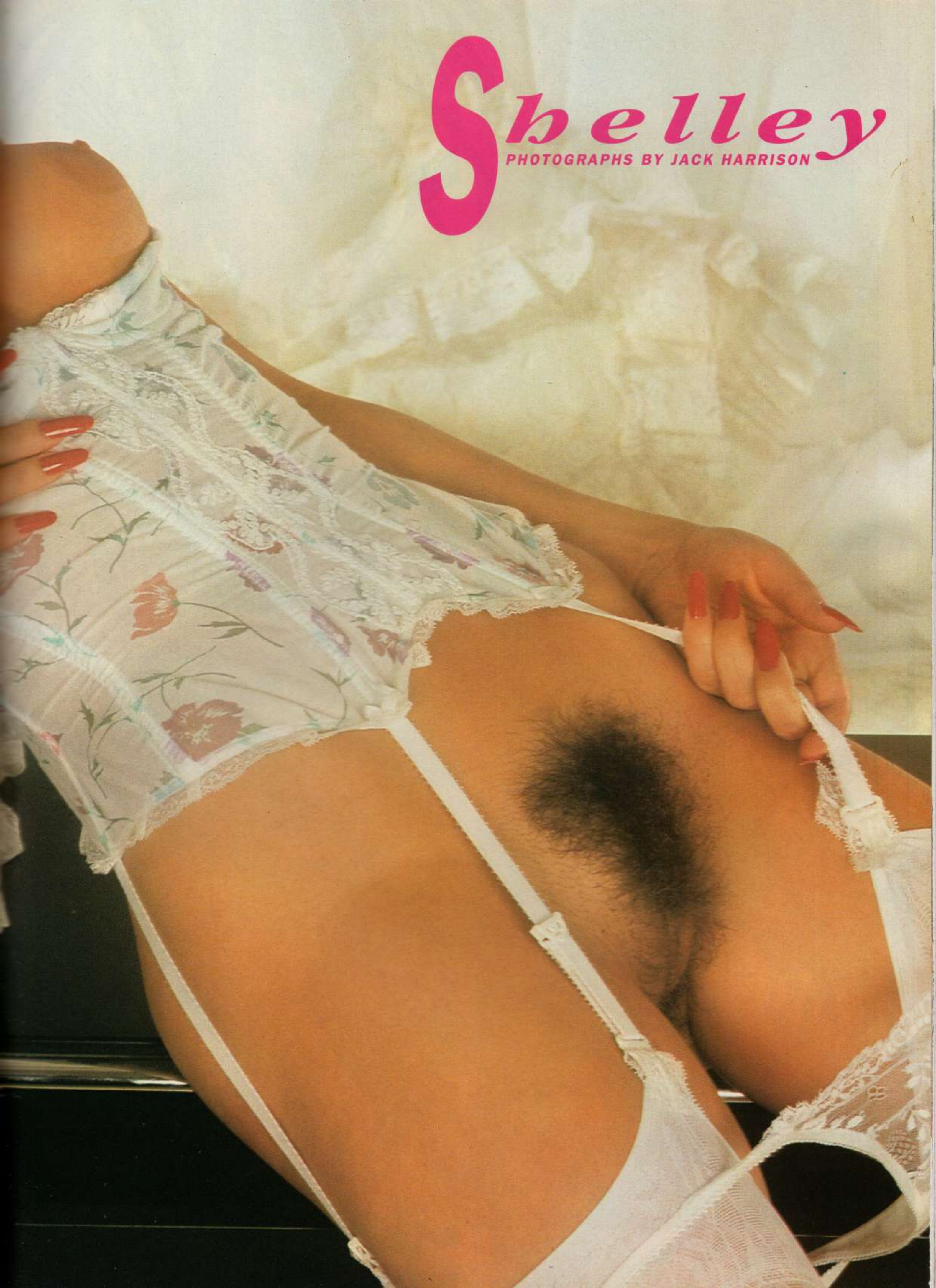
a0 b25 c126 d7 e150

0–100 *If schooldays were the happiest days of your life, the rest of it must*

continued on page 93

Shelley

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JACK HARRISON



So we met Shelley when she was soliciting – £200 an hour for a short time up in her office – and if the advice she hands out is wrong, you go to jail and she trots off to the pub to srown her dorrows. It's absolutely disgusting (34-22-36)! A totally degrading occupation for a beautiful young English rose! As part of our ceaseless campaign against the drab and degrading, we persuaded her to undo her articles, shuck off her briefs and do something worthwhile for a little change. (A little change being all the guv'nor can spare!).

YOURS SINFULLY

Write and tell us what turns you on. We'd love to know about your sexual fantasies and true life experiences. Address your letters to: The Editor, Private Parts, Men Only, 2 Archer Street, London W1V 7HE.

DOCKLANDS DATE

I don't suppose you get too many females in their mid-30s writing to *Men Only*, so I hope you think my story (and my saucy pics!) are worthy of publication. Right now I'm having an incredible love affair with a married man, and it would really turn me on telling your readers all about the kinky fun and games we share.

His name's Richard. He lives in Walton on Thames and works in the City, but what his wife doesn't know is that he's got a little flat at Caledonian Wharf, on the Isle of Dogs. That's where we meet for our incredible sex sessions, three nights a week, after work. I wear black undies for him and behave like a complete and utter slut, and he fucks me till he's exhausted and staggers home!

Last Friday night we had a blazing row – as we tend to do when Richard's been drinking – and he looked at me with unconcealed disgust and said: "You know, the only things in life you understand are the flat of a hand and the size of a cock."

I was in my undies at the time, so I stepped out of my panties, leant forward over the back of an armchair and said: "Too right! OK then, which is it to be?"

So you see, our rows never last long. Richard laughed, unzipped his trousers and rubbed his flaccid cock into my privates until he was fully erect.

You know, you're a *very* naughty girl," he said. and he put his knob in between the lips of my sex and wiggled it about.

"Put it up me, for God's sake!" I panted, getting wetter by the second. "Don't play games with me, you're driving me out of my mind!"

"Why shouldn't I play games with you?" he said, really getting into his bizarre 'punishment' routine. "I think I'll carry on rubbing it against you till I come. Then again, I might not even give you the pleasure of that."

I couldn't believe it! I'd turned down a drink with my boss just to be with Richard that night, and the bastard wouldn't even screw me!

"Go and rub yourself off, if you're that desperate," he said, coldly. "I'm going home for an intimate candle-lit with Kate. If there's one thing better than her steak and kidney pud, it's her cock-sucking. She swallows, too – unlike you, spitting it out all over your stockingtops like a . . ."

I caught Richard with such a beauty of a slap, it resounded all around the flat. Eyes blazing in fury, he grabbed me, ready to return the blow. I went limp in his arms and dropped to my knees, reaching for his zip and extricating his cock. Kinky swine, it was as big as a cucumber . . .

"Please!" I groaned, subserviently, peeling back his taut foreskin and licking his dribbly knob. "Please stay and let me make it come. I'll be ruder for you than I've ever been before, I promise. Please give me your cum, Richard. Please, I beg of you!"

I took as much of his length into my mouth as I could accommodate, bathing it in saliva as I slowly tossed it

off – using both hands. My slurping, gurgling accompaniment went down pretty well, too . . .

"There, you see? You're learning!" Richard crowed, running his fingers through my hair. "If you want to stay with me, you've got to be *very* bad. Hold still, let me wank into your mouth. God, your nipples are hard! You really want it tonight, don't you? Plenty of cock for the little tart, eh? Go on then. Rub your clit while I load your mouth. Come on, let me hear you grunt!"

No sooner had my lover let fly into my mouth, he joined me on the floor. I pushed my tongue – coated with sperm as it was – into his mouth and reached for his prick as he clambered on top of me. OK, so his erection was subsiding by the second, but I didn't give a damn. Its sheer slipperiness would see it into my pussy; his sheer lust for me would make it grow. And grow.

"You bitch, you've knackered me!" he panted, 10 minutes later. "Same time Monday?"

It can be a lonely business being a married man's mistress, especially at weekends when you know damn well he's bonking seven bells out of his beloved and probably not even giving you a thought – nor even a dirty one! That said, our week-day get-togethers certainly make it all worthwhile. God knows, we've had some raunchy times together, Richard and I, and our first night at the flat was particularly memorable.

For some reason, he took for ever in the shower, no doubt unaware that I was simply *burning* with lust for his cock. I was all tarted-up in black shoes, stockings and suspender belt and I was feeling so randy, I trouble keeping my fingers to myself.

When Richard finally came into the bedroom, I drew my knees up into my bosom in anticipation of his cock. However, the erotic sensation of my skimpy black knickers straining so incredibly tight over my slit was just *incredibly* yummy! And Richard's cock was so rigid, its veins were bulging.

"If you want to stay with me, you've got to be very bad. Hold still, let me wank into your mouth. God, your nipples are hard! You really want it tonight, don't you? Come on, let me hear you grunt!"

"Pull them to one side and show me your cunt!" he pleaded, standing over me.

"What's the big hurry?" I panted, narcissistically admiring the contours of my vagina through the impossibly tight silk triangle. "If you come closer, you'll see there's a lovely big damp patch forming. If I push the silk into my hole – like this – it'll make it even bigger.

"Tug your knickers up between your lips," said Richard, excitedly. He had that glazed, far away look in his eyes – like a dirty old man at a blue film party.

"I used to masturbate like this when I was 18 or so," I teased, wrapping the gusset around my index finger and jerking it hard against my clit. "I used to soak my knickers in olive oil and rub myself into a frenzy, imagining my best friend's dad was shagging me and our neighbour was sucking my tits!"

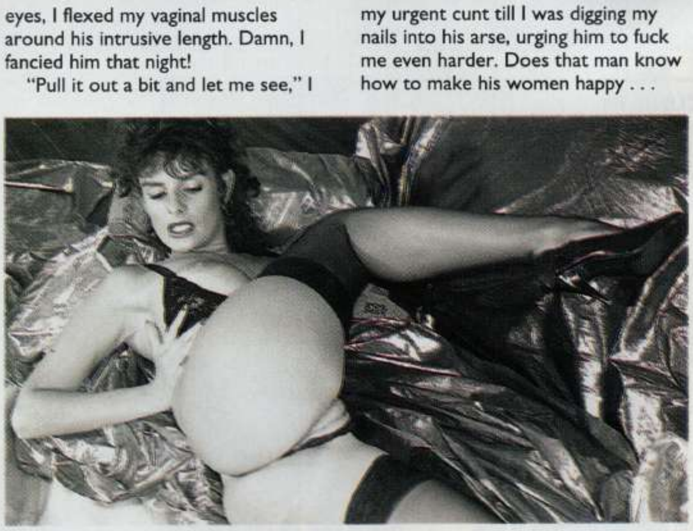
Poor Richard, it was more than he could take. He yanked my panty-crotch aside, held my labia apart with his thumbs and slobbered all over my pink, glistening cunt, nuzzling my clit, then fucking me with his tongue.

"Do it!" I wailed, half out of my mind with desire. "Fuck me, Richard, fuck me!"

Resting his knob between my petals, my lover pushed my knees up into my tits, then plunged his length into me, pausing to revel in my moist tightness. Looking lovingly into his eyes, I flexed my vaginal muscles around his intrusive length. Damn, I fancied him that night!

"Pull it out a bit and let me see," I whispered, peering down between my stiff-nippled tits. "God, it's enormous!"

Only then did Richard start to pump, slamming his cock in and out of my urgent cunt till I was digging my nails into his arse, urging him to fuck me even harder. Does that man know how to make his women happy . . .



"I'll leave Kate, if you want," Richard ventured last night.

"I couldn't stand the trauma," I said. "Just shut up and get undressed!"

Hannah, London SE7.

MUSCLING IN

I can't help being jealous. My flatmate Paula's going steady with an amazing looking guy, and they're already talking about getting engaged. Me, I always seem to end up with men I can't stand the sight of in the morning. If only I could find someone with a bit of class, maybe I could be a good girl for once in my life!

Before I go any further, I should tell your readers that Paula and I have a very open and understanding relationship. We're not lesbians, but we're very uninhibited when it comes to sex (just as well, considering our one-bedroomed flat!) and we have a lot of fun together.

Last Friday night, for instance, when Paula and David came in half-pissed from the pub, they were necking on the sofa and really going at it. David had his hand up her skirt and she had his prick out and was wanking him off, when she made some sarky wise-crack about my black stockings.

She wanted me to go to bed so that she could fuck him in peace, but unfortunately for her, I wasn't the least bit tired . . .

"Want to see more, then?" I said, and Paula laughed and said: "You wouldn't dare!"

When I took my top off and unzipped my skirt, you could have cut the atmosphere in that sweaty little room with a knife.

"God, my cock's grown another inch," said David, but the fun was only just beginning. Facing the sofa where Paula and he sat feeling each other up was a tatty old armchair. Turning my back to them, I climbed astride it, resting my knee on one arm and my foot on the other, my arse sticking out at them like a close-up in a porn video. All that covered my cunt and bum was my tiny black knickers – skintight across both holes – and to add an even bigger dash of excitement I yanked my tits out of my bra cups.

"Who wants to finger me?" I said, wiggling my arse and causing my drawers to snag even tighter up my crack. "Or do you just want to wank him off over me?" I pulled the crotch to one side. "Is that any better?" I asked.

To Paula's chagrin, David got to his feet and felt all around my bum. But he seemed reluctant to finger me, probably for fear of upsetting his bride-to-be.

"All right, all right, give the little slag what she wants," said Paula, resigned to her fate.

It was like a scene in a brothel! There was dreamy David, standing in the middle of the room sliding his fingers in and out of my fanny, while Paula squatted in front of him with his crotch in her face. Jammy cow, with nine inches to play with . . .

"He can fuck me, if he really wants," I panted, turned on something rotten by what David was doing to me – not to mention the sight of my flatmate gobbling him like crazy.

"*Please* let me have her," said David, like a little boy pleading for an expensive toy. "She's so tight and wet up there!"

But it was not to be. David had dirty-talked himself into a corner, and even as I watched, his cock spasmed and Paula recoiled a millisecond too late. A yukky string of spunk streaked her face, closely followed by a series of smaller splashes, which littered her lovely big tits and the pale skin of her thighs, just above her stockingtops.

It was like a scene in a brothel! There was dreamy David, standing in the middle of the room, sliding his fingers in and out of my fanny, while Paula squatted in front of him . . .

However, the evening wasn't a complete disaster, from my point of view. When David regained his hard-on, Paula let me sit on it ("Just this once, mind") and I licked my nipples while I bobbed blissfully up and down. Isn't that what friends are for, *Men Only* readers?

Jackie, London NW10.

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LIFE'S BIG PROBLEMS

It was obvious from a very early stage of pubescence that I was going to have a very large bust. My mother tried desperately to persuade me to 'dress down', but I didn't see myself as having anything to hide – or as having any problem at all, come to that. After all, hadn't people like Jayne Mansfield and Mae West actively exploited their bosoms?

The one thing that irritated me was the utter uselessness of boys my own age; the way they'd tease and mock me in public, then try it on with me in private. Very weird. And the way they'd shake and tremble when they finally got around to feeling inside my blouse . . .

You'd think an 18-year-old girl with a 44-inch bust like mine would have no problems getting laid, but I had to wait till I was almost 20 years old before I finally got lucky – and with a guy old enough to be my father. He picked me up at a cinema in the corniest way imaginable (sitting next to me and putting his hand on my knee when the house lights went down), and I responded keenly, parting my knees to give him access to my cunt, and unclasping my bra at the front to let him play with my bare tits.

Considering he was an out-and-out weirdo and I was a semi-virgin not yet out of my teens, we got on rather well together. He was sleazy and showed me pornographic magazines to get me 'interested', and while I turned the pages he fiddled around up my skirt. So what? Wasn't that the kind of thing men were supposed to do when they picked you up?

'"Do you like my tits?" I asked him. I couldn't understand why they were still nestling, completely neglected, in my bra cups, when his fingers were working overtime on my clit.

Yes, he panted, he 'adored' them. Better still, he 'worshipped' them. Even better than that, he had something 'special' he wanted me to wear.

"Will you fuck me if I wear it?" I asked, after half an hour of porn-ogling and knicker-stroking. God, how I wished he'd just get on with it . . .

He opened the bottom drawer of his dresser and produced – of all things – a black rubber bra, the 'peephole' variety. He scowled when I giggled and I apologised – not wishing to spoil his little fantasy.

As well as being completely obscene, the bra was at least two sizes too small. I looked like a whore in some unspeakable porn video – which now I think about it, was probably exactly the desired effect. My nipples jutted so obscenely through the holes, they looked like missile nose cones!

"What now?" I asked.

"We get undressed," he said ('he', because he never once divulged his name), and I had to refrain from squealing: "Oh, goody!"

His idea of fun was lying on his unmade bed while I knelt beside him, wanking him off as he massaged my protruding nipples with Johnson's Baby Oil. However, when he slapped some between my legs, I really perked up: now it was my turn to call the shots!

I climbed across him and guided the head of his cock into my cunt, which hitherto had been party to nothing bigger than the handle of my favourite hairbrush.

"How does it feel?" the stranger gloated, as I lowered myself down on to it

"Big!" I replied, as I wriggled around, trying to take it all in. "Very big . . ."

"Here, this'll help," he drooled, and before I could stop him he held the bottle of oil above my bottom and emptied its contents down into my crevice and all over my engorged slot.

"Mmmm, you're right," I groaned, as I felt his knob slither effortlessly into my depths. "God, it's so good!"

And yet, I was furious! I'd wasted almost two years of precious fucking time with wimps and pubescents, to the extent that it took a cinema-prowling degenerate to give me what I so desperately needed. What a tragic state of affairs.

"Aren't they a bit oily for that?" I suggested, as my (wonderfully) dirty old man

cupped my rubberclad tits and sucked my nipples. He answered with a cross between a grunt and a slurp. How charming!

Mischievously – and still bobbing up and down like a girl possessed – I reached behind my back and unfastened the tacky, oily brassière, causing my oversupported tits to virtually burst free.

Now for the first time I was totally in control of the situation. As I continued pounding my crotch up and down on his cock, I playfully swung my lovely big titties from side to side, causing them to slap against his rugged, unshaven features.

As I continued pounding my crotch up and down on his cock, I playfully swung my lovely big titties from side to side, causing them to slap against his rugged, unshaven features.

"I want to fuck you from behind," he declared. "Do you fancy that?"

"Very much," I said, thus destroying what remained of my reluctant naïve image at a stroke. Doggie style? It was all I could do not to pant like a puppy and howl like a bitch, I was so hot to have it shoved up me from the rear!

"Let me see you pick up your tits and suck them," he whispered in my ear. "Make your nipples even bigger!"

Talk about rude. There was I, kneading and sucking my big pink-nippled beauties, while Lover Boy was so carried away with the sight (not to mention the sensation) of my rear end, he was groaning like a sick cow.

I abandoned myself totally to the pleasures of his pumping prick, thrusting my arse into his crotch, then flopping forward and burying my face in the pillows.

The stranger gripped my bottom, plunged his prick into me one last time, and we shared an absolutely exquisite orgasm – my first 'proper' come, ever. Still, it's a bit of a shame my pussy was pummelled into adulthood by a dirty old man and not some hunky young chap.

Siobhan, Reading.

lyndsey

ralph medland

A successful estate agent in Basingstoke with her very own company, steady boyfriend and a nice semi with bijou entrance hall leading into extensive grounds (the rest of the house having fallen down), Lyndsey Jayne suddenly fell in love for real. With a teenage mutant ninja turtle, actually. Ran off with him to the sewers and came back smiling and showing her pussy to everyone, as you can see. From which you may have gathered we haven't been able to find out much about Lyndsey, either. Except that she's 32-21-36.

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1247

continued from page 73

have been pretty bloody. 3 out of 10 for sympathy.

101–200 *The sort of school you went to set your parents back £5,000 a term: £100 in education costs; £4,900 in lawyers' fees.*

201–300 *Timid, shy, sickly, small, odorous. Your schooldays were inevitably traumatic. You took an apple for the school bully, filled the inkwells with nervous perspiration and spent playtime hiding in your pencil case. None of this would have been so bad, of course, if you hadn't been the bloody Headmaster.*

301–500 *You never answered a question correctly when you were at school, and you obviously see no reason to start now. 7 out of 10 for consistency.*

501–700 *You were the sort of pupil who had to study to be the class dunce. You stayed behind more than the janitor. You thought a pipette was some kind of bird, and your idea of good marks was the life-size weals you left on the opposition after rugby practice. But your time at school wasn't entirely wasted: dodging all that chalk kept you remarkably fit.*

DESK TOP PUBLISHING PLC

701–800 *Your education could have benefited from a pocket calculator. Pity they hadn't been invented at the time. Pockets, that is.*

801–900 *You went to a good school; it was approved.*

901–1044 *You were a difficult pupil. You paid less attention than a comatose mole, answered fewer questions than a Sicilian godfather, and passed about as much as a constipated moth. You did, however, distinguish yourself in one field – you were the only pupil to win a county cap for truancy. 9 out of 10 for effort.*

1045–1100 *Playtime.*

1101–1300 *It's a long time since you went to school, old boy. Even so, you still remember all the long narrow corridors and murky little corners. And so you should – you had to stand in them often enough.*

1301–1500 *You were the typical child prodigy at school: gifted, creative, intelligent. You impressed everyone with your hard work, picked up more ticks than a squashed hedgehog, and left with a glorious, glowing future before you. What the hell happened?*

1501–1650 *You haven't changed at all since your schooldays, have you? Still cheating. 10 out of 10 for ingenuity.*

HALFWIT • HOUSE

A QUART OF WARTS

You only read the best inanities in *Men Only*!!! More banal crap written in an alcoholic haze on the back of a pizzarrhoea napkin.

30. Why do women take so long in the bathroom?

29. Why are there no television programmes for people who don't like television programmes?

28. If God's so clever, why didn't He make drip-dry urinary organs?

27. Why is yawning so contagious?

26. How come people in shops paying by cheque never know the date?

25. If body hair is supposed to be a protection against the cold, how come it grows thicker and faster in summer?

24. How come no one ever asks your opinion?

23. How come you can never quite reach that itchy bit halfway down your back?

22. When will eternity end?

21. Why do golfers piss about so much?

20. If you have one pair of glasses, how come you don't have two pairs of glasseses?

19. How come your worst mistakes always seemed like a good idea at the time?

18. Why don't the Americans just arrange to launch their shuttles three weeks late in the first place?

17. Why does everyone north of Nottingham talk like a halfwit?

16. How come there's only one Monopolies Commission?

15. How come octagons always seem to have eight sides?

14. Isn't Heaven getting a bit crowded?

13. How come no one spells fluorescent and strait-jacket properly?

12. If dolphins are so smart, how come they've never discovered fire?

11. Why are painters so obsessed with nude women?

10. How come, no matter how civilised mankind becomes, you never really give a shit about anyone else?

9. If the Earth's spinning so fast, how come we don't feel more dizzy?

8. Who's to say ants aren't all schizophrenic?

7. How come there are no jokes about comedians?

6. Who writes the lyrics for all those football chants – and what colour crayon does he use?

5. Is food addictive?

4. Do sheep always remember their first Welshman?

3. Are you just a product of other people's imagination?

2. What kind of person calls his son Fergal?

1. Why is there always a bit more left in your bladder?

POTRY • CORNER

NUTS GUTS PHUTS

More libellous verse from our Muse, guaranteed to put the shits up the legal department and see us all sleeping in cardboard boxes on Brewer Street.

When asked 'bout the Birmingham Six,
Lord Denning squawked: "String up the Micks!"
He's a hundred-and-four
year-old son of a whore
Shit for brains, and the smallest of pricks.

The Gulf show proved Thatcher to be a
Joan of Arc, or a Boadicea.
Poor Mike Heseltine!
Once his chances were fine:
Now they're cold as last month's diarrhoea.

Nigel Kennedy's ardentest fan, O,
Is me – he's no flash in the pan, no.
But why (here's a riddle)
Is Nige on the fiddle
Like Les Dawson on the piano?

Now I've got you, vile Jeremy Beadle!
Don't whimper, don't whine, and don't wheedle.
I'm going to go daft
Up your urethral shaft
With a red-hot size 9 knitting needle.

Came Paddington Bear from Peru,
And Perez de Cuellar did, too.
With cotton-wool guts
And complete lack of nuts,
There's nothing to choose 'twixt the two.

Now, Anfield has Kenny Dalgleish:
He's as heady as Afghan hasheesh.
But White Hart Lane has a
Cry-baby called Gazza –
As naff as a plate of cold quiche.

Ernest Saunders, like most superstars,
Lived a life of champagne and cigars,
Then a judge shouted: "Finis!"
Now Ern's like his Guinness –
You'll find them both stuck behind bars.

One glance at the dear old Queen Mum
Causes Alistair Burnett to come.
But his glutinous charm
Won't wash with that marm –
She prefers Jason Donovan's bum.

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DIRTY TALK

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PUSSY LOVES CREAM	0836 403 335
MUTUAL MASTURBATION	0836 403 336
SPANKED BOTTOM	0836 403 337
USED PANTIES	0836 403 338
D.I.Y.	0836 403 339
STRIP ME	0836 403 340
PUSSYS PLAY TOGETHER	0836 403 341
WIFE SWAPPING	0836 403 342
LESBIAN LICKERS	0836 403 343
I'LL SUCK YOU	0836 403 344
RAM IT UP ME	0836 403 345
TARTS CONFESSIONS	0836 403 346
BEND OVER NOW!	0836 403 347
DIRTY SEX TALK XXX	0836 403 348

CLASSIFIED

STOCKING TOPS EXPOSED I am the biggest tart you will ever know - take my wet panties down and talk dirty to me **0836 402 292**

MY PUSSY NEEDS CREAM NOW call **0836 403 435**

LONELY UNDERGRADUATE GIRL needs mature man for fun and pleasure - call Sally on **0836 402298**

POLICE WOMAN needs discreet male company for mutual masturbation - will wear uniform if desired **- 0836 402299**

FINGER LICKING LESBIAN exhibitionists require men to join in the fun or simply watch. Genuine callers only on **0836 403398**

BEND OVER AND TAKE IT, all of it, you bad boy! **0836 402 290**

MIDDLE - AGED HOUSEWIFE seeks male company for fun and outings - will travel. Discreet callers only - **0836 403399**

SELF - ABUSE with my big black sex toy **- 0836 402 293**

DRESSED TO TEASE

Lacy lycra stockings
0836 403 480
P.V.C. panties
0836 403 481
You can have my used knickers 0836 403 482

HANKY PANKY XXX

I'll teach you how to behave 0836 403 483
Dirty sex talking
0836 403 484
Bitchs pussy pants for it
0836 403 485

DO IT YOURSELF!

I'm playing with myself - listen to me doing it!
0836 403 486
Finger licking fun! 0836 403 487
I'll lend you a hand
0836 403 488

TONGUE TWISTERS

C*ckteaser sucks you off!
0836 403 489
Lusting for a licking
0836 403 490
I'll satisfy you with my eager tongue
0836 403 491

AVAILABLE HOUSEWIVES

My husband wants you to watch
0836 403 492
47 yr old housewife provides a special service
0836 403 493
Wicked wives tales!
0836 403 493

LESBIAN LOVE SHOW

Lesbians lust for a licking
0836 403 495
18 yr old lesbian & older woman require men to watch
0836 403 496
Squirming on her fingers
0836 403 497

CLASSIFIED

TOY BOY urgently required by active divorcee aged 48, 42" bust, why not call me now?! **0836 402 297**

BAD GIRL must get a good spanking - dial if you dare **- 0836 402 295**

SLUT DRAPED IN SATIN needs a dominant man to satisfy her raging desires - if you have the energy dial **0836 403 498**

ULTIMATE IN MASSAGE for that sensuous rub you really need - **0836 402 294**

TASTE ME I'm a dirty bitch **0836 403 499**

44 & LARGE BREASTED seeks D.I.Y. enthusiast to help around the home - favours to be swapped - call Alice on **0836 402 296**

STRIP ME NAKED and tell me what you want - **0836 402 297**

CREAM IN MY MOUTH
0836 403 349

2 GIRLS, 1 VIBRATOR
0836 403 351

I'LL TAKE YOU IN HAND!
0836 403 356

RAW SEX XXX
0836 403 352

PERSONAL SEX CHAT LIVE ON
0898 300 003

PINK PARTED LIPS!
0836 403 353

STICKY IN SUSPENDERS
0836 403 350

WARNING: EXTREMELY EXPLICIT, STRICTLY FOR ADULTS ONLY!!!

MANDY'S MASS-DEBATE
0836 403 354

AND MY HUSBAND WATCHED!
0836 403 355

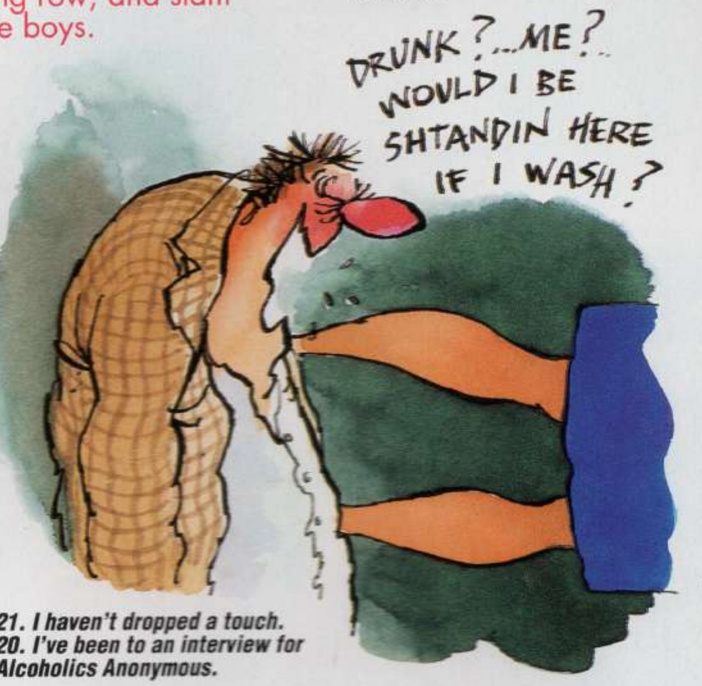
● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ●P.O.Box 272, London SW11. Calls charged at 33p per min. cheap rate, 44p all other times. DM/900/6/D● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ●

FEEBLIE • JEEBLIES

PISHTON BROKE

Need a free night at the pub? Give your lady this article, have a blazing row, and slam out with the boys.

30. It's an amazing new birth control technique I picked up, darling.
29. I've been commissioned by a national newspaper to check on how the police deal with drunk and disorderly suspects.
28. I'm not drunk; you're just more sober than usual.
27. I had a 33-1 winner on the horses; it seemed stupid to risk bringing it all home with me in cash.
26. There was a birthday at work – we've been toasting the office centuplets.
25. Drunk? Me? If I was drunk, I wouldn't have been able to find my way back to the right house, would I? Who are you, by the way?
24. I was kidnapped by a ruthless gang of anti-teetotallers.
23. I've just got this thing against kidneys.
22. They swore it was non-alcoholic whisky.


DRUNK ?... ME ?
WOULD I BE
SHTANDIN HERE
IF I WASH ?

21. I haven't dropped a touch.
20. I've been to an interview for Alcoholics Anonymous.
19. I'm doing it to save the youth of this country from temptation – the more I drink, the less there'll be for them.
18. The hangover pills are nearly past their sell-by date.
17. I'm in training for a darts match.
16. The landlord was doing bulk discounts.
15. I've just been breathing too deeply near a Scotsman.
14. I've been feeling too good in the mornings lately; people were beginning to hate me.
13. Shomeone's obvishly been layshing my lemonade.
12. The pub was empty; it seemed such a shame to let a good beer barrel go to waste.
11. I had to go to the AGM, darling – Pink Elephant Spotters Club.
10. Nobody's having my liver after I'm dead.
9. I'm not drunk; I always wear my trousers on my head on Wednesdays.
8. A raving nymphette fell in love with my body; this was the only way I could get out of driving her home.
7. I was pouring a crate of lager down the drain, and I just sort of . . . missed.
6. I never touched a drop until I was 16; I'm just making up for lost time.
5. I've got a bottle of scotch in my inside pocket: it's osmosis.
4. It's the first stage in a long-term plan to get value for money out of BUPA.
3. Bloody pub ran out of orange juice again.
2. You're so beautiful I wanted to see two of you.
1. Of course I'm drunk; I'm an alcoholic, you silly bitch.

TOUPE • NEWS

BALDIES ARE GO

Bald men move South as shiny pates get thumbs down from Northern pussy shock! STOP. Deep depressions in North! STOP. OK, I 'll stop. STOP.

The great North-South divide still exists – if only in the minds of the unfairer sex. A recent survey highlights strangely opposing views taken by British women to male hair loss.

In answer to the question: "Do you find bald men more attractive?" – 22 per cent of women in London said 'yes'; in Glasgow, the figure was a nice round 0 per cent. The question: "What do you think of bald men?" exposed further hair-raising differences:

	***London** (%)*	***Glasgow** (%)*
Virile	*48*	*5*
Sexy	*44*	*0*
Distinguished	*80*	*10*
Date-able	*72*	*7*
Unattractive	*5*	*66*
Hideous	*1*	*59*

To the strapping Jock with more hair on his sporran than his head, these bald facts seem far from fair – especially when you compare the 37 per cent of women in London prepared to buy treatment for their balding partners with the miserly 0 per cent of women north of the border. One factor which might explain such a baffling clash of attitudes is the 44 per cent of Londoners and 22 per cent of Glaswegians said by their girlfriends to be losing their hair. Have southern women come to terms with baldness in their men? Or is it just that northerners never take their hats off? Perhaps readers could put their own heads together and get to the root of this tangled problem which clearly has the nation parted down the middle?

To encourage the flow of blood to your brain, here's a selection of answers to the survey's most fertile question: "I find bald men sexy, because . . ."

London	*of their polished performance.*
Watford	*the doctor's put me on the wrong tablets.*
Exeter	*they don't go soggy in bed.*
Brighton	*they keep my feet warm.*
Milton Keynes	*they squeak.*
Oxford	*what they lack on top, they make up for below.*
Southampton	*you get a better connection with the electrodes.*

And with fringe benefits like that down South, is it any wonder they're tearing their hair out up North?

YUK!
TAK ME HAEME
HAMISH
GLINT
GLINT

TRINITY

PHOTOGRAPHS BY RUPERT DAINES

Trinity has this way of moving her body so her tits wobble like jellies on a plate and then, when your eyes settle back in their sockets, she gives this big innocent smile and says: "And they're real!" And if you don't believe her (48-23-37) she'll stick them out at you and suggest you have a feel. And you can't. Know what I mean? It's like when a friend gives you a cheque and asks if you want his cheque card number on the back. You know he's worth minus £8,000, but you say: "No, no, I trust you!" Well, that's decent people like us. Luckily, while this set was being shot young Mr. Longpockets from Accounts wandered in and was given the same challenge. These financial wizards have no shame, so he ran a check on her assets. And concluded that, yes, they might bounce, but they are definitely the real thing.

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